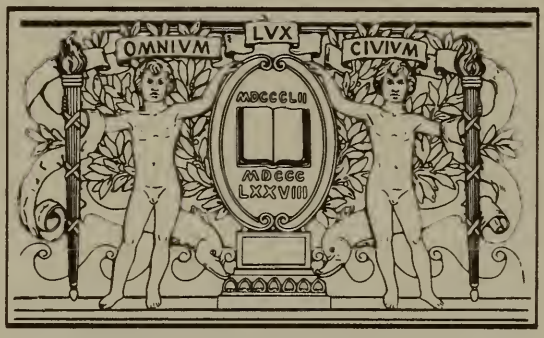
FROM AN OLD LEATHER TRUNK

RUTH CROSBY



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By

RUTH CROSBY

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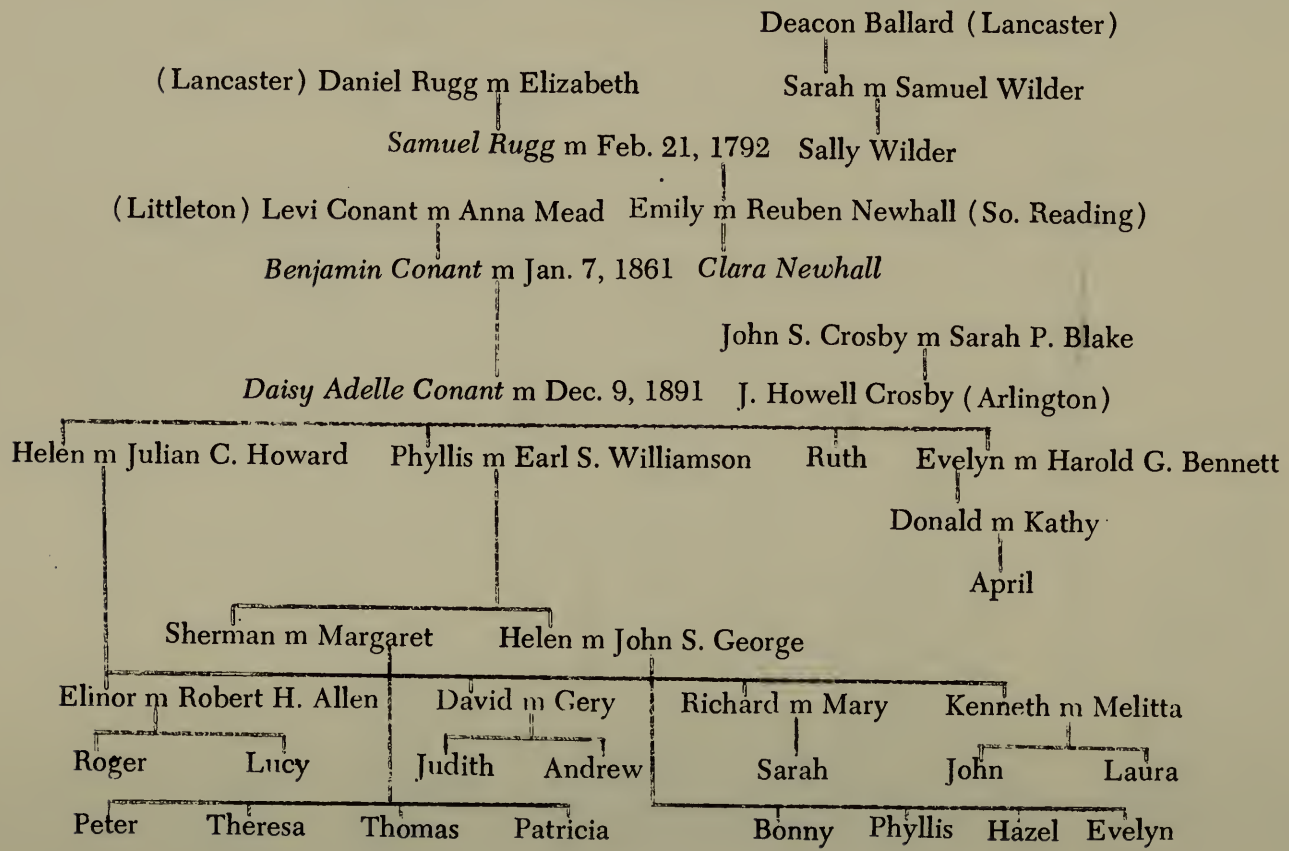
To My Sisters
Helen, Phyllis, and Evelyn
and
Their Children and Grandchildren

FOREWORD

In an unused workshop at our Red House in Bethel, Maine, is an old brown leather trunk with a rounded top. It came to the Red House when our home in Arlington, Massachusetts, was sold, and is, I think, the trunk which went to England with my Grandfather and Grandmother Conant in 1861. From it, among other family treasures, I have gleaned much of the neglected material for the three sketches which follow. From it came Samuel Rugg's Family Register; the patent granted to him on January 11, 1831, for a revolving harrow and signed by Andrew Jackson; a lecture delivered to his fellow citizens of Lancaster, Massachusetts, on February 22, 1842; and his notebook containing jottings from 1801 to 1846. From it came also, besides some diaries and family letters, the journals kept by Clara Newhall and Benjamin Conant during their association with Father Kemp's Old Folks Concert Troupe from 1859 to 1861, and the passport issued to "Benjamin Conant (accompanied by Miss Newhall)" on December 24, 1860. And finally from it came Daisy A. Crosby's "A Brief History" and her diaries kept more or less regularly from 1936 to 1957, but not the memories of her that are treasured by her daughters.

FAMILY TREE


Deacon Ballard (Lancaster)
(Lancaster) Daniel Rugg m Elizabeth
Sarah m Samuel Wilder
Samuel Rugg m Feb. 21, 1792 Sally Wilder
(Littleton) Levi Conant m Anna Mead
Emily m Reuben Newhall (So. Reading)
Benjamin Conant m Jan. 7, 1861 *Clara Newhall*
John S. Crosby m Sarah P. Blake
Daisy Adelle Conant m Dec. 9, 1891 J. Howell Crosby (Arlington)
Helen m Julian C. Howard
Phyllis m Earl S. Williamson
Ruth
Evelyn m Harold G. Bennett
Donald m Kathy
April
Sherman m Margaret
Helen m John S. George
Elinor m Robert H. Allen
David m Gery
Richard m Mary
Kenneth m Melitta
Roger
Lucy
Judith
Andrew
Sarah
John
Laura
Peter
Theresa
Thomas
Patricia
Bonny
Phyllis
Hazel
Evelyn

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PART I

TORY PATRIOT

TORY PATRIOT

The eighty-three years of the life of Samuel Rugg, farmer, of Lancaster, Massachusetts, covered stirring times in the history of this country. Born on September 8, 1767, two years after the Declaration of Rights drawn up by the American colonies in protest against the Stamp Act, he lived through the Revolution and the War of 1812, and died on December 2, 1850, shortly after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act the previous September. His Family Register furnishes some bare facts about him. His father, Daniel Rugg, died in 1830, aged 87; his mother, Elizabeth Rugg, in 1834, aged 88. He had two younger brothers and two younger sisters, all of whom died before he did, Joseph, the brother next to him, on July 8, 1844, aged 73. The register adds, "He dropd behind his Cythe in the swathe."

On February 21, 1792, Samuel married Sally Wilder, also of Lancaster, the daughter of Samuel Wilder, a blacksmith, and Sarah, the daughter of Deacon Ballard, of the Established Church in Lancaster, who for many years kept a tavern there. Samuel and Sally Rugg had seven children, only two of whom survived them: Emily, who married Reuben Newhall of South Reading and lived until 1877, and Samuel Stillman Rugg, who lived until 1882. So much for the Family Register, supplemented by the facts concerning Sally Rugg's father, mother, and grandfather, which were supplied by Emily's daughter, Clara Newhall Conant.

In addition to the Family Register, however, three

documents have survived which contribute further information about Samuel Rugg. The first is a patent granted to him for "a new and useful improvement in the mode of making harrows for the purposes of Agriculture, called the Revolving Harrow," dated January 11, 1831, and signed by Andrew Jackson. The second is a much worn manuscript of a lecture delivered to his friends and fellow citizens on February 22, 1842. The third is a faded brown notebook with the one word *Memorandom* stenciled on the dog-eared cover. Inside the cover is written

Sam,l Rugg's
Lancaster, March 1801

The last dated entry of its miscellaneous contents is July 31, 1846.

The Lecture

In his seventy-fifth year Samuel Rugg had been urged by several of his fellow citizens to take some opportunity to "empty his budget" of reminiscences about the town of Lancaster. A rambling and informal lecture, it throws much light on the life and opinions of Rugg, himself. He begins by stating that the only excuse he offers for what he has to say is that he may be considered to be in his dotage,

> . . . for I have been the Husband of one Wife fifty years yesterday . . . I have set out a Tree and Raised my own head blocks to a saw mill, and worn them out. . . . Raising head blocks is not all I have done—since I was forty years of age, I invented a loom to go by water—And have lived to see many Villages, and one entire City spring up under the support of it.

He goes on to explain about the loom. Not long before the declaration of the last war with Great Britain, he saw in a Boston paper the following lines:

> No foe dare molest while in union are joined
> The plow, Loom and Chisel with Commerce combined.

Although he had never felt that he had more genius than others, he had always been a warm patriot from his youth, and those lines inspired him to invent something that would make the country independent of Great Britain for clothing. When he told his wife, who had been a weaver from her youth and "had broken down her stomack as many others had done," that he would make a loom to go by water, she told him he was crazy, that if such a thing were possible, it would have been done somewhere before. He persevered, however, until he wove forty yards of cloth. Then, thinking his loom had been exposed, he sent a model of the principal shaft with figures attached to it, and three pages of explanation to Washington. Two years passed while he was working on a plan to roll up the web no faster than the cloth was made before he applied for a patent. Then, he says,

> I heard they were weaving at Waltham by water —I considered myself outdone untill the first sight I had of them I was astonished to see my shaft and figures upon it in use; without which the art of man cannot contrive to weave by water—This Loom has been improved by the collective ingenuity of the Country. . . .

Strangely Rugg does not mention his invention of the revolving harrow for which he did receive a patent.

But his mention of the loom, together with his fifty years of marriage and his raising of head blocks proved, as he said, that he was "capable of going back a considerable distance into gone-by days."

He then reminisces about many old-timers in Lancaster and their homes. Since many civil and military officers had been commissioned under George the Third and had sworn allegiance to Great Britain, it is no wonder, he says, "that old Lancaster was a Tory Town at the commencement of the revolution." That Tory seed has taken root, he says, and "I am happy to overtake the footsteps of my amiable predecessors, the Torys." Of his own experience during the Revolution, he says, "I was Sarg't at 8 years old under Capt D. Bennett. . . . [He was eight years old five months after the Battle of Lexington and Concord.] I have been S 3 times in 3 different companies and have had my share of the honour."

Before supporting his position as a Tory, Rugg digresses with some remarks on fashion:

> Fashion is one of the greatest Tyrants upon earth —There is fashion in politicks, fashion in religion— Agriculture—Cooking—Eating and drinking. . . . But the Tyrant is most arbatrary in dress—One lady may say to another, you do not come into my door, and in conscience I cannot go into yours because we do not think alike in articles of faith—But let an impartial Spectator go into both assemblies, and when he comes out he will say, that they exactly correspond and harmonise in the fashion of dress, especially the ladies in putting on of apparel and plaiting of the hair. . . .

Returning to his theme, he says, "I am called a Tory—

driven on to Tory ground, and must support and defend it." He first attempts to describe some of the evils attendant upon rebellion and war and says:

> The signers of the declaration of Independence were as patriotic assembly of sages as ever adorned a Convention Hall—But their Zeal might have led them into error—It was reiterated in the time of Mr. Jefferson's Administration, that great Britton was the bulwark of our religion—No sooner did they leave that wholsom guide, than Shakerism flowd down Nashua River, and lodged near its Bank between two Towns, with that enthusiasm, which caused one woman to leave her Husband and Children, with an infant crawling on the floor, and cross over by my Fathers House in all weathers, to meet nightly with the Brothers and Sisters. . . . Other denominations have multiplied so that . . . our eyes are struck with a cluster of Buildings for public worship in many Towns; which seem to say to each other. . . . Stand by, for I am more holy than thou—Many are opposed to a union of Church and State; but can any one object to State being connected with religion?

Other evils which arose as a result of rebellion and war, he says, were licentiousness, intemperance, gaming, carousing, and indolence. Trade with the allies encouraged extravagance in dress, and the country was "flooded with French Infidelity as well as French fashions."

He continues:

> I will now attempt to desplay some of the properties of Toryism—I will give some explanation to my

young hearers of the two terms Whig and Tory. . . . They have been made use of in England descriptive of two parties; a Tory supporting the Crown laws, and the Whigs in favor of a liberal Government.

I may be convicted of error before I get fully through and make a precipatate retraction, being allured by the direction of a soaring Eagle—I was born in Tory times, when my Father would get home on Saturday soon enough to take his beard off so as not to shave on Sunday. My Mother would tell me not to say by George—it was wicked, for it was the name of the good King—But since the Whigs took the government, both men and Boys unblushingly call the great men of the nation. . . . Old Tip and Old Nick—even the great Capt of money power, is called old nick and when I was a Boy I thought that old nick was a nick name for the Devil—

There has been much talk, Rugg says, about Aristocracy and the sovereignty of the People and gives his opinion:

We can not move in numbers, without the former, . . . And what dependence can be placed on the latter, when a man will suffer a vote to be forced upon him, and then kicked up to the ballot-box to deposit it—This I have seen with my own eyes.

Again—The Sovereign People love greatness—They will follow a man of property, who lives in a large white House, and rides in a styleish carriage; and leave the frock-man, who is disposed, with knowledge in his head, and virtue and honesty in his heart, to support and perpetuate their dearest privileges—

Another great advantage of Toryism he sees is that landed property is held in the hands of a few men and is "made unchangeable by descending to the oldest male Heir." In this country, he says, "there is so much speculation, buying and selling, giving and receiving Deeds, that a Deed sent to the Office, will hardly get cold before there is another conveyance—The business transactions in this land of freedom look like a mixed mass of confusion." Further, he argues, here once in every four years, millions are spent in the election of a President, and we pass through annual feuds in electing State Officers. In England, "the Crown descends to the rightful Heir, and a comparatively few judicious men, chuse the two houses of Parliament, while the mass of the people or swinish multitude are suffered to remain silent and peaceable."

Then after acknowledging that no system of government of human origin can be perfect, he interrupts himself—"but stop."

> What did my eyes ketch a glimpse of—Ah! a large and spacious Bird—with wings extended—tipt with almost Celestial tinge—slopeing his way to the Potomack—There he perches on the pinicle of the American Capitol—Erected in the two mile square of almost consecrated ground—for it bears the name of the Immortal Washington. . . .

There follows a summing up of Washington's career and a glowing eulogy of him and his accomplishments, and then:

> Now my Friends, if you do not like my Toryism, and are disposed to cling to that form of government which Washington aided in fraiming and

supporting—Then I exort you to spend more time and money for the spread of information and virtue among the people, and less in Electioneering Carousals—A people adhering to virtuous principals are abundantly competent for Self government.

If you are determined to Support our present Institutions; Then hold on as did the Children of Israel, who received a law from heaven, and lived under and supported it. . . . Hold on I repeat, as did our forefathers; who when they were oppres'd by the tyreny and oppression of a foreign King, they called a Washington from the plow, and gave him the command of their armys. . . . And when he had gained our Independence, by and with the joint efforts of the people—He retired to his own private abode enjoying . . . honour and renown. . . .

Then his peroration, gleaned from the Farewell Address and the closing lines of Isaiah 65:

Hear his fatherly exortation, to frown indignantly on the first attempt to alianate one portion of the Union from another; that this union might desend from generation to generation, until the Milenium shall dawn on the Children of men, and there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all Gods holy Mountain.

Thus, to his friends and fellow citizens in 1842, Samuel Rugg gives further evidence of his inventiveness than is proved by the patent issued to him in 1831 and shows his lack of rancor in finding his initial plans for a water loom borrowed by others, improved upon, and used for the common good. He shows, too, why he is at the same time a Tory in politics and a lover of his country, advis-

ing his listeners to improve its weaknesses by following the example of their supreme leader, Washington. His lecture supplements the bare facts about him to be learned from the Family Register. And there remains the Notebook.

The Notebook

Except that one section of the Notebook contains chronological reports on the weather from 1811 to 1844, it is in no sense a journal. Miscellaneous items are jotted wherever, it seems, Rugg happens to open the Notebook. And few of them are dated. The subjects may be grouped, however, under several general headings, which serve to throw further light on the man, Samuel Rugg.

The interest in politics and government evidenced by the 1842 lecture is shown by several entries. The first, curiously sandwiched between a page of remedies for "Hooping Cough" and "Canker" and a poem called "Self Knowledge," appears to have been dashed off in anger after some episode that had infuriated him. Possibly it is a rough draft of a sort of challenge that was actually sent to an unknown antagonist, or perhaps merely a means of letting off steam. One of the few dated entries in the Notebook, aside from purchases and weather observations, here it is:

> March 19, 1805 Sir after my Respects I have to Congratulate you on being an expert gunner But the best miss it sometimes, for while you split an Innocent Rabbit at one time with a single Ball, you may miss a Tiger at another—permit me to say that in my opinion you made a very wild Shott the other evening at your Store by ascribing the Honour

> Fidelity and Mildness of the British Nation to its prevailing Ignorance, While Americans were Durty Raskels by reason of their universal and extensive knowledge. While you attempt to rub off the Tarnish from my political mind, be assured that you must take a cleaner polisher or I shall remain sully [sullied?] on the first Monday in April next.

Following a page of directions "For the tooth ache when hollow" and preceding a blank page, occur three interesting statements headed *Observations from Gentlemen,* probably recorded because Rugg agreed with them. They are:

> Eli Stearns—he knew of no good act that ever Govr Gerry did—
>
> Edward Goodwin—that the people of America never had a Charter from England—only some Individuals
>
> Jacob Fisher—If Genl Warren had to sleep with Elbridge Gerry—no wonder he would risque himself in Battle on Bunker Hill

The fullest and most serious evidence the Notebook provides of that interest in Government already seen in the Lecture of 1842 is another lecture covering fourteen pages and headed

> A Lector on Government, given
> by
> Samuel Rugg of Lancaster at the School-House
> in District No. 3

Unfortunately it is not dated. The lecture opens with the statement:

> It is evident from a practical knowledge of

human nature that mankind were intended for Society; for the All wise Creator saw that it was not good for man to be alone, and an helpmeet was made for him—

After Adam and Eve had obtained the knowledge of good and evil by transgression, he points out, "the law of conscience was set up as supreme Law, by which they were self-condemed." Rugg then traces the development of society through Genesis, with the first kingdom set up by Nimrod, the mighty hunter, and on through the Pharaohs of Egypt. Then he interpolates dramatically:

> Here I meet the footsteps of Demogoguery made in Egypt's early government—and shall I lead you on their track through Rome—Carthage, and Greece No! . . . I leave you to watch the Demogogues of our own time and country—

After discussing the times of Moses, Joshua, the Judges, Samuel, Saul, and David, he gives a lengthy survey of the origin and benefits of a monarchical form of government, with special emphasis on conditions of the ruling classes and the peasantry of Britain. Then he continues:

> I now suggest the expediency of translating this form of Government into this Country; in doing which we might find many who would lend a helping hand—was the English Laws adopted into this Country; how long would it be before enterprise and improvements would run to sutch a heigth that some of our Lords and nobles might taken an early breakfast Step into a Steam Boat and sup with their associate aristocrats in England

the same day by candle light—[Did Sam'l Rugg have a premonition of the age of super jets and space capsules?]

Finally he comes to a "Survey of that government, which our fore Fathers established; and we their Sons and daughters enjoy." He continues:

> Sufise it for me to say to you my young friends, who have enjoyed the inestamable favour of being born in this Country; that you have abundant reason to bless the Lord, that your lot was cast in New England, and that you have so goodly enheritage. You have lived in a land that yealds her increase to labour, and not without it, You have enjoyed freedom and beneficient Institutions—You have lived under the administration of free and equal rights, for which our forefathers fought and bled—You have witnessed that prosperity and happiness, which have emanated from that Constitution, which is the wonder and admiration of the world, and which was fraimed by as wise and patriotic an assembly of sages as ever adorned a Convention Hall—

What follows, beginning with "If you are determined this government shall not go down, then hold on as did the Children of Israel . . ." and closing with "and there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain," is quoted almost word for word in the peroration of the Lecture of 1842.

Interrupting the "Lector on Government" in the Notebook are four pages having to do with Toll Collections, which suggest that at some time in his career Samuel Rugg served as a Toll Collector. From May,

1808 through December, 1812, he kept a record of *Toll Collected* each month. In the pages preceding that record he carefully copied Sections 5 and 6 of *General Powers of Turnpike Corporations.* From Section 5 we learn

> That if any person shall cut Break down or any otherwise Injure or destroy any turnpike gate . . . or attempt to pass any sutch turnpike gate without having first paid the legal toll . . . sutch person shall forfit a sum not exceeding fifty dollars, nor less than five, to be recovered by the Treasurer of the Corporation, to their use, in an action of trespass. And if any person, with his or her horse, team, or Cattle, shall turn out of sutch Road to pass any turnpike gate, with an intent to avoid paying the toll, and again enter the s'd Road, sutch person shall forfit and pay treble the toll. . . . Provided however that nothing in this act shall . . . entitle any turnpike corporation . . . to receive toll from any person . . . passing on foot or with his horse or Carriage to or from his usual place of public worship, or from any person passing on military duty, or from any person residing in the town where the gate may be placed, unless they are going or returning from beyond the limits of the town, or from any person going to or from any grist mill, or on the common or ordinary business of family concerns.

Section 6 explains the penalties if turnpike corporations or toll gatherers "unnecessarily delay or hinder any traveller . . . or shall demand or receive more toll than is by law established." Apparently in accepting the office of toll collector from the Turnpike Corporation Samue.

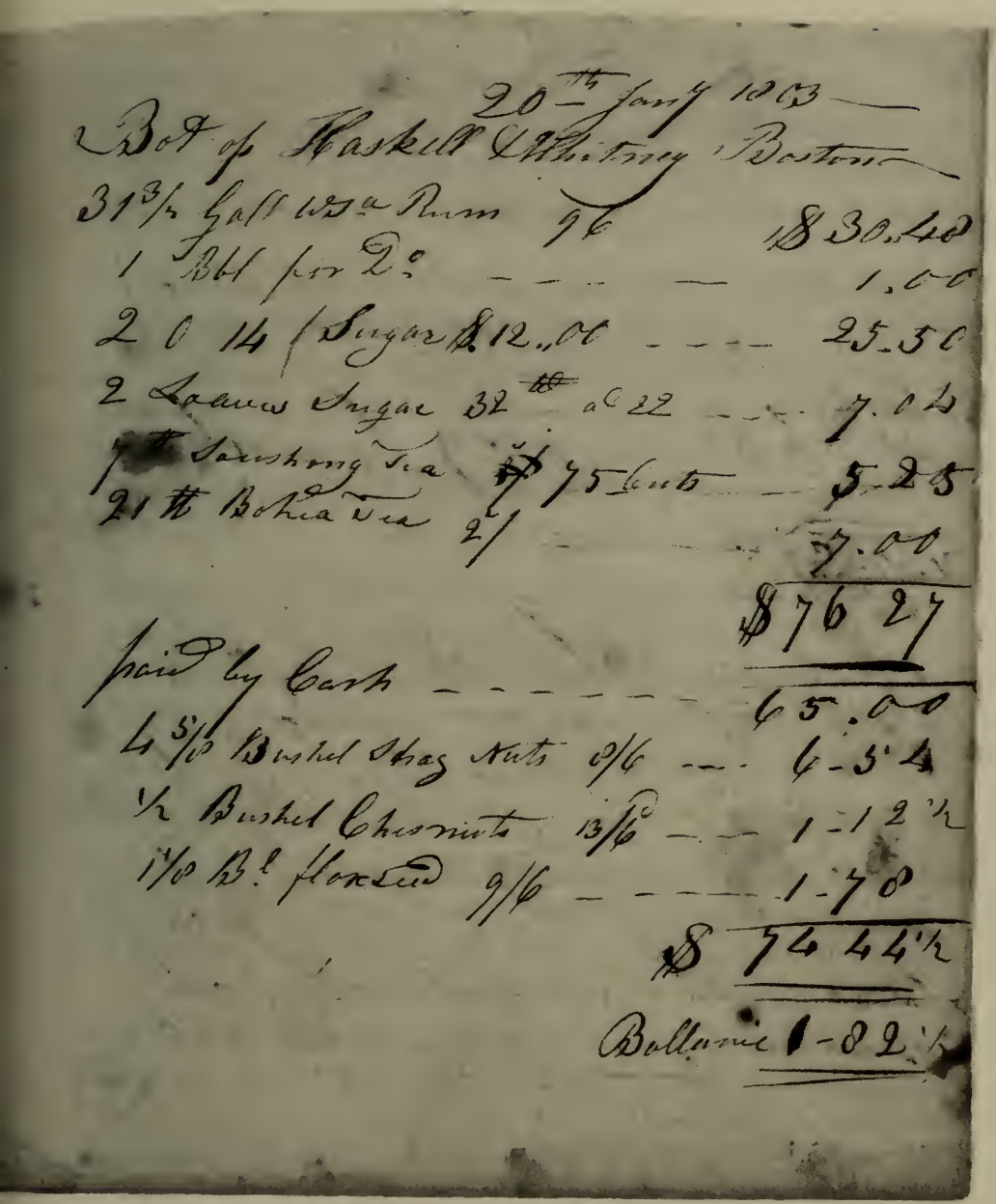
Rugg wanted to be well-versed in his own rights as well as in those of the passers-by.

For a time, at least, he also kept a general store. Ten pages of the Notebook list purchases made between October 27, 1802, and June 22, 1803. On October 27, 1802, he "Bought of Haskell & Whitney, Boston," goods totaling $148.60 and including among others:

30 Gall 3 proof WS Rum	$25.80
31 Gall Molasses	13.95
16½ Gall Brandy	20.62½
16 Gallons Ginn	18.72
21 lbs Bohea Tea	7.00
7 lbs Soushong Tea	5.25
1 Quintell [one hundred weight] Salt Fish	4.00
3 buckets for Teas and pepper	1.00
Various spices, nutmegs, sugar. chocolate, "pigtail tobacco," etc.	

And on November 2, 1802, he "Bot of Joseph Wales": tin measures, corks, raisins, coffee, ginger, more rum, and other items totalling £7-11-10½. Apparently in 1802 the dollar and pound sterling were used interchangeably. But most of the other purchases are listed in dollars.

He dealt not only in food and drink. On October 29, 1802, in Lancaster he bought of John Whiting: spelling books, grammars, geographies, dictionaries, arithmetics, children's books, and almanacs. Also in Lancaster on November 2, 1802, he bought of Thomas Parker: wrapping paper, writing paper, "5 Dozn small Books," and two writing books. Two days later he "Bot of Saml Hastings, Boston" 14 lbs. of powder and 7 of "Shott," and a month later he bought of the same 14 lbs. of Dutch



20th Jany 1803 —

Bot of Haskell & Whitney Boston —

31 3/4 Gall Wsa Rum	96	$30.48
1 Bbl for Do	— — — —	1.00
2 0 14 (Sugar $12.00	— — —	25.50
2 Loaves Sugar 32 lb a 22	— —	7.04
7 lb Souchong Tea $75 cents	—	5.25
21 lb Bohea Tea 2/	— —	7.00
		$76 27
paid by Cash	— — — — —	65.00
4 5/8 Bushel Shag Nuts 8/6	— —	6-54
1/2 Bushel Chesnuts 13/6	— —	1-12 1/2
1 1/8 Bl flaxseed 9/6	— — —	1-78
		$ 74 44 1/2
	Ballance	1-82 1/2

Powder and 2 dozen Flints. On November 10, 1802, he lists twenty-three items bought of Sith Wilder at an auction and totalling $30.72½. They include: gingham, shawls, checked handkerchiefs, ribbon, soap, buttons, calico, ink powders, a tea pot, two cups and saucers, bowls, and snuff.

Often but not always he indicated the method of payment. On December 5, 1802, from Haskell & Whitney of Boston he bought rum amounting to $41.68 and noted "over paid for the same in cash 32 cents." Most often he noted "Cash paid Down" or "Paid in Cash," but a bill of $76.27 to Haskell & Whitney on January 20, 1803, was paid as follows:

paid by cash	$65.00
4 5/8 Bushel Shag Nuts 8/6	6.54
½ Bushel Chestnuts 13/6	1.12½
1 1/8 Bl flaxseed 9/6	1.78
	$74.44½
Ballance	1.82½

On only two bills does he note "on credit." If he made purchases for his store later than June 22, 1803, he kept the accounts elsewhere, and they have not survived as has the Notebook.

As has been mentioned earlier, from 1811 to 1844 Rugg kept a chronological annual record of weather conditions, frequently with some mention of his crops. The War of 1812 is not mentioned, but that the year was extremely cold in Lancaster is worth noting:

> 1812—The winter remarkable cold—cold March and April
> May 4 Snow'd all day & knight—very cold next day and windy it is supposed the snow

would have been one foot deep had it not melted. . . .
16 cold storm my Fathers corn planted—Rye not splindled up—no apple Trees red—

In 1815 appears the observation:

Grass very backward—Rye & Corn good—Much thunder—but little cyder Sept. 23 Grate Blow from South E which tore up Fruit Trees Buildings and Forests by the acre—
[See *Yankee*, Sept., 1970, pp. 104-105, and 204-205 for other records of that storm.]

Occcasionally a personal or family note is included with the weather observations, as in 1821:

April 17 Snow 12 inches deep
Sept. Visited our Children at Reding and Cambridge Season agreeable, Crops good First snow one inch and a half Nov 24th no frost to hinder plowing

In 1826 he notes:

Jany Rough frozen ground—extreem cold 31st Jany—good running to school for Children to Wm Sawyer—no sleding of any consequence—general complaint of colds and cough in febu'y & March Old People Drop away. . . .

And in 1835:

Jany Snow sufficient for good sleying from the country to Boston—Coldest weather, take one week together we ever knew—quite thawy the latter part of the month 30th warm and great rain—Village bridge went off 31 Mr Knights Barn came near going off—the water ran over the floor and did much damage

> April 17 Warren and others froze their ears—the coldest April I ever saw—some rain in May—planting backward—Very dry June—Grass dying—

In 1837 after "A cold winter—Backward spring—poor crops of corn—Spring grain middling—Sauce and Apples plenty. Dry Fall" comes the simple statement, "Mr. Newhall here." Rugg's daughter Emily married Reuben Newhall of South Reading, as we have seen. "Mr. Newhall" was probably Reuben. It would be interesting to know the occasion on which he was there in 1837 and apparently alone. After stating Mr. Newhall's presence, Rugg writes, "Had a trial with wild oxen—" Perhaps that trial was the occasion for Mr. Newhall's visit. The last observation on the weather is dated 1844:

> Good crops—Nothing remarkable but no rain for 22 days in Sept, and a scorching Drought all the time.

The Notebook shows us that Rugg's interests were not confined to politics, store-keeping, and farming. Preceding his observations on the weather, ten pages are carefully ruled off with four to six columns on a page, indicating his intention of making a minute and careful study of the Bible. The first page is headed "Texts in favour of different Denominations etc.," and the headings of five columns are Arminian, Baptist, Universalists, Calvinists, and Shakers, under each the sub-headings: Book, Ch., Verse. Supporting the Arminians are four passages, all from Exodus; for the Baptists there are none; for Calvinists two, from Genesis and Exodus; for Shakers ten, from Genesis, Exodus, and Leviticus; but Universalists win the prize, filling the page with thirty-five passages, most of them from Genesis and Exodus,

one from Leviticus, and three from Deuteronomy. The following pages contain in all thirty-six headings, inluding such variety as "Tipes of Christ" with twenty-three passages listed, "Promises," "Curses," "To be Explained," "Important" with fifty-three passages, more than any other, "Blessings," "Early Rising," "Conduct between Parents and Children," "Offering," and "Sabbeth." Under many of the headings only one or two passages are listed, and none is found beyond the book of Deuteronomy. It looks as though Samuel Rugg had outlined an ambitious plan for the study of the Bible, which was too comprehensive for him, or for any other man with such varied activities as his, to complete. That he was a thoughtful reader of the Bible is indicated further by one page in the Notebook headed *Thoughts:*

> A Just weight and ballance are the Lords—[Prov. 16:11] It is the greatest or one of the greatest Texts in Scripture. It has neither beginning nor end, and is from all Eternity to all Eternity.

Not only was he a student of the Bible, but the Notebook also bears evidence that in those bygone days he must have been, as well, an amateur dentist and physician. "For the tooth ache when hollow," he prescribes, "Put into the hollow a piece of blue vitriol, as much as the tooth will contain—Repeat for several days and it will kill the marrow—" Scattered through the book in several places are recipes for cures of a variety of diseases. I include only a few of the choicer specimens:

> *For Old Throat distemper*
> [Does he mean diphtheria?]
> Give the patient a little niter that is Saltpetre and Camphire—take the bows of low hemlock boil it in a kettle hold the patient over the steam in a blanket

—if the hemlock is not at hand put Brandy and Vinegar in to a vessel with a hot rock in it and steam over that—

For a Decline

Take Pond lilly Root green Slice it and put a layer in an earthen vessel then loaf or maple Shugar and so on—Then past over a paper tite and bake it then press it of and add Brandy or WS Rum sufficient to preserve it take 1 Glass 3 times a day—

For the Hooping Cough

Dissolve a scruple of salt of tarter in a gill of water add ten grains of Cocheneal finely powdered Sweeten this with fine Sugar—Give to an Infant ¼ part of table spoonful four times a day—To a child of two or three years old half a spoonful and from four and upwards a spoonful may be taken the relief is immediate and the cure in general within five or six days

For Dropsy and weakness

A single hand full of hemlock bark on the west side of the root—single hand full of sassafras root four burdock roots one hand full of butternut buds Powder them and put them into a quart of Brandy add ¼ lb sulpher and ½ pt hunny—Dose wine glass full fasting three times a day—

By a man who had been among the Indians

To remove a film from an Eye

Take the stripings of Cows and Brest milk make it into a butter bind it on a nights

For the piles

Take ¼ lb of Sulpher, pour on it one Quart of

boiling water Stir it well, let it remain untill cold and settled and then drink a wine glass full 2 or 3 times a day—as the disorder may be more or less Severe—

For Sore Eyes

White vitriol one teaspoonful—Shuger of led one teaspoonful—Gunpowder 2 Do to one quart of fair water mixed and shook well together, six or eight times—wash the Eyes 3 times a day—an infallible cure—

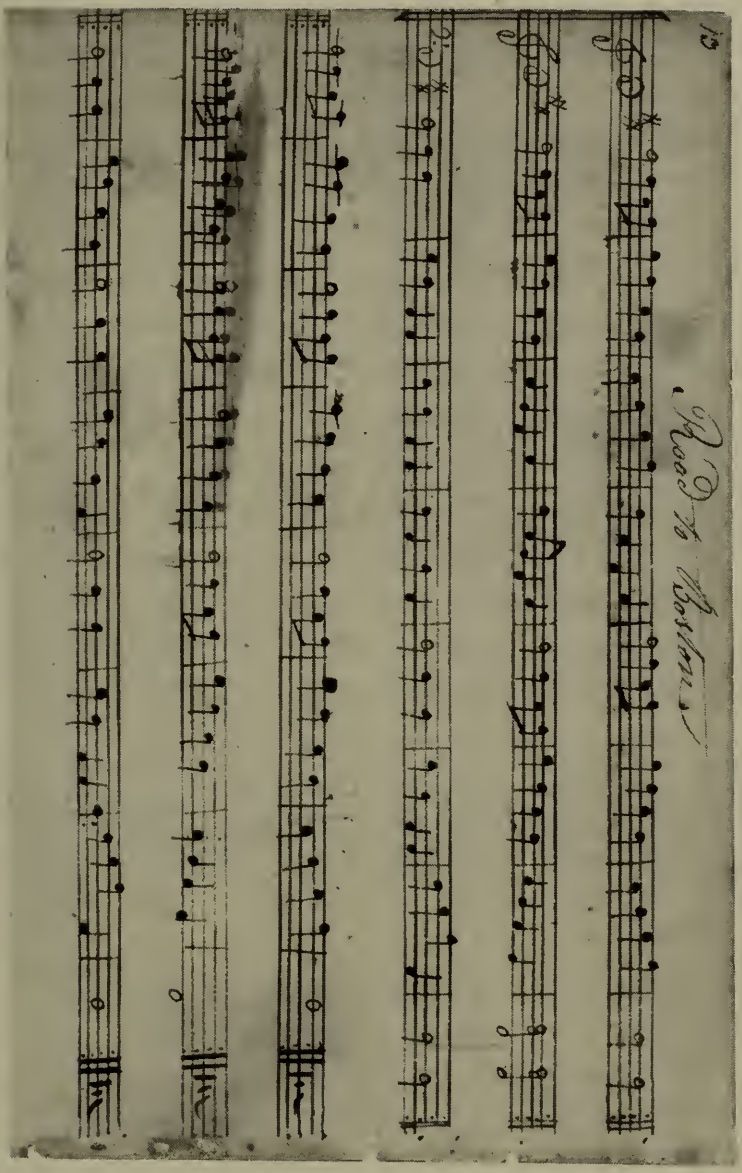
Other remedies Rugg prescribes are those for worms, canker, sores in the head, bowel complaint, "colera," and another for whooping cough, this time spelled with a *w*. (I have been interested in rereading Dickens recently to notice that he too spells the word both with and without the *w*.) It is clear that whenever Samuel Rugg heard of a remedy for the common ailments of mankind, he conscientiously wrote it down in his Notebook for future reference.

Then, too, he must have been something of a musician. Several pages of the Notebook are ruled for musical scales and contain the following musical compositions: "Jefferson's March," "Road to Boston," what appears to be "Rubin Nott," "Bong March," "Pompeys Gost" (there is also a poem with this title, with an *h* in Ghost, which mentions Arnold's treachery), and two pages containing full music and words of the four stanzas of "Marseillies Hymn." Whether he composed any of these selections or copied them all because he liked them, he must have known something about music. That he used to sing to his granddaughter, Clara Newhall Conant, when she was a little girl, as they sat together inside the huge old-fashioned fireplace, she told her own grandchildren.

Finally, Samuel Rugg must have been fond of poetry. In all, the Notebook contains more than twenty poems. Several of them, I suspect, were copied as a means of preservation instead of clipping them from newspapers and tucking them away to be found later, as were many in his granddaughter Clara's writing desk. For instance, about the middle of the book comes the following poem, headed:

> Lines writen 15 years after meeting them in some newspaper. S.R.
>
> 1. As Jack and will the other day
> Came piping hot from college
> They met with burk upon the way
> That blunderbus of knowledge
>
> 2. Thom pane next pasd them in a fret
> Says Jack in lucky season
> We came from Oxford since we,ve met
> The two great lights of reason
>
> 3. That each pursues a different plan
> Says will seems very odd
> One tramples on the rights of man
> And one the rights of god
>
> 4. Says Jack I think they,r arrant knaves
> And both deserve to swing
> 'Tis plain they,d wish to make us slaves
> To satan and the king.

He must have memorized these lines and recalled them after fifteen years. Among the poems he probably copied are those entitled "To Theodorus," "Calonett & Phebe," and "Pompeys Ghost." One long poem of fourteen six-line stanzas, "The Fire Side," I once thought might be original. Then in Clara's writing desk I found


Good to Boston

a faded manuscript copy of the poem, signed "Eliza Rugg's, Lancaster." Was Eliza Rugg his mother Elizabeth? Had she composed the poem or found it somewhere and copied it because she liked its sentiments, as perhaps Samuel may have done? It is unlikely that we shall ever know. The poem seems to have been written by a man and addressed to his wife, Chloe. The first stanza sets the mood:

Dear Chloe while the busy crowd
The vain the wealthy & the proud
In follys maze advance
Tho singularity & pride
Be Cal'd our choice we'll step aside
Nor join the giddy dance.

Stanza 3 continues it:

If solid happyness we prize
Within our brest this juel lies
And they are fools who roam
The world has nothing to bestow
From our own selves our Joys must flow
And that dear hut our home.

And Stanza 9:

Our portion is not large indeed
But then how little do we need
  for natures calls are few
In this the art of living lies
To want no more than may surfise
  and make that little do.

Then Stanzas 13 and 14:

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go
Its checker'd path of joy and woe

With cautious steps we'll tread
Quit its vain Scenes without a tear
Without a trouble [Eliza has "tremble"] or a fear
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience like a faithful friend
Shall through the gloomy vale attend
And cheer our dying breath
Shall when all other comforts cease
Like a kind angle [Eliza has "angel"] whisper peace
And smoothe the bed of death.

There are minor differences in spelling between Samuel's copy of the poem and Eliza's. Also, Eliza indents the third and last lines of each stanza, which are in trimeter. Samuel uses no indentation in the first five stanzas, indents only the last line of the next three, and follows her indentation from the ninth through the rest of the poem, though not always capitalizing the first word.

Among the poems which may be original are several acrostics, short ones on Sarah and Mary (three of them), and on Edward Sears, and a longer one, the only dated poem, 1822, "An Acrostic on Levi Fletcher School Teacher":

Learning is a golden treasure
Every lesson mends my heart
Verbal knowledge gives me pleasure
I shall sorrow when we part

Farewell my friend and kind instructor
Lasting be thy peaceful days
Ever may our blest conductor
Train us up in wisdom's ways
Christian meekness like our saviour

How delightful it appears
Even temper, kind behaviour
Rules the good through all their years.

Other poems which may be original are "To the Memory of Eliza Williams," "Self Knowledge," one with no title lamenting the loss of a sister, and one simply called "Lines":

In youth beloved by all she knew
In riper years in virtue grew
In death resign'd without complaint
In heaven she's now a shining saint.

And then there is one in very pale ink called "For Sabeth School," the last stanza of which suggests that it is intended to be sung:

1st God of love look down and smile
On our numbers rank and file
Bless us while we press the hand
Guide us in our social band

2nd May the word be veryfied
Spoken when our Saviour cry,d
Bring the children to my arms
They shall taste of heavenly charmes

3rd With united hands and hearts
We sing the hym in all its parts
May our march on earth be found
Leading to Immanuels ground.

Perhaps this "hym" was set to a familiar tune, or possibly Samuel Rugg composed the music for it himself. But if so, he did not include it in his Notebook.

But several poems are either signed by Samuel Rugg

or are undoubtedly original. One, "An Old Desk to the rising Generation," is partially illegible. The twelve lines relating the history of the desk include:

> Samuel Rugg next under hamer
> Bought me to hold his book and grammar.

Another, entitled "Introductrial Biography," with his signature at the end contains forty-four lines in rhymed couplets and irregular meter, some pentameter and some hexameter. The "biography" takes him only through babyhood, some interesting passages including:

> Behold the mothers tender watchful eye
> Now points the pins and brushes off the flye

and

> His heavenly soul seemed drawing toward its native skye
> He left the beast position to carry his head up high
> The hidden embers blown the genial sparks appear
> And being often blown they into blazes rear
> His immitative powers ketch'd both at bad & good
> Ere he could prate or prattle with language understood.

There remain two poems, one certainly Rugg's and the other almost certainly his, of approximately the same period, which summarize the philosophy of his later years. The first is headed

> Samuel Rugg on his pillow the night before his birthday *Seventy Years of Age*

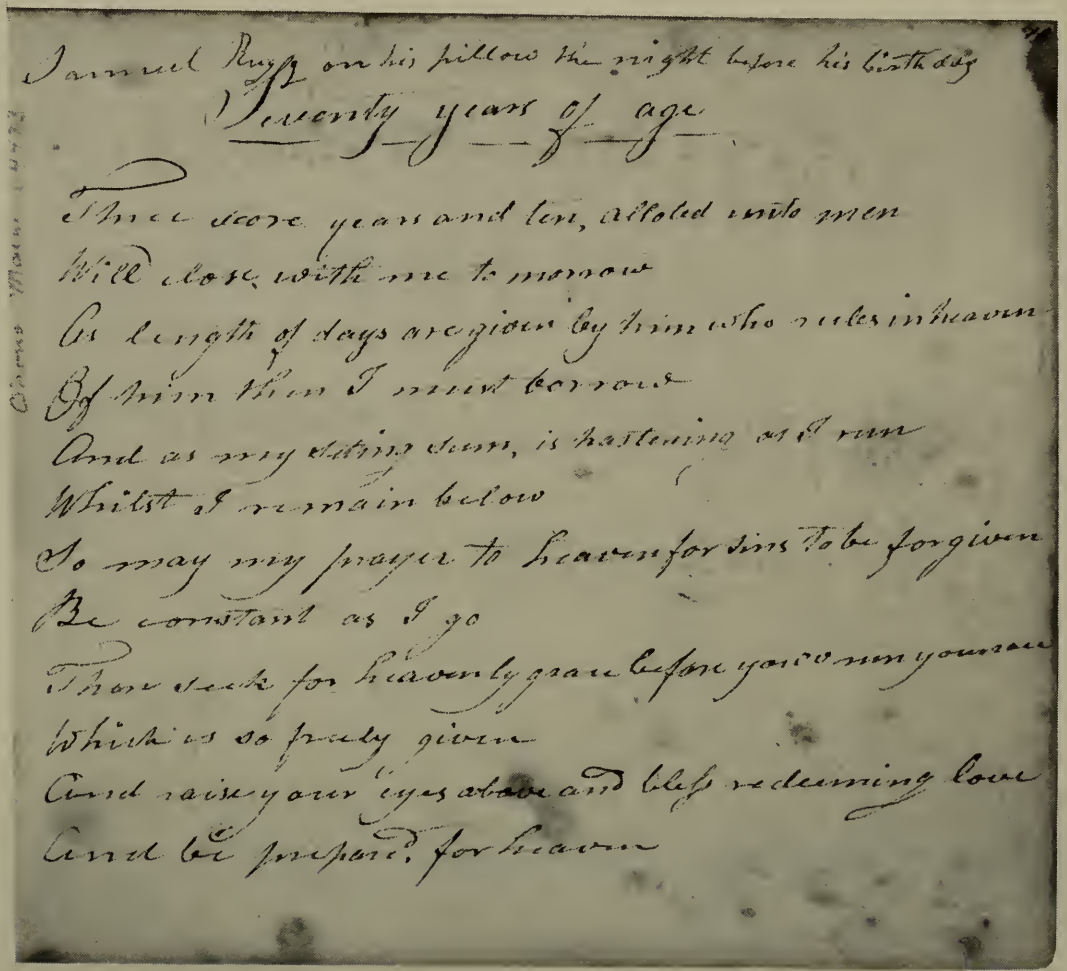
> Three score years and ten, alloted unto men
> Will close with me tomorrow
> As length of days are given by him who rules in heaven

Of him then I must borrow
And as my seting sun, is hastening as I run
Whilst I remain below
So may my prayer to heaven for sins to be forgiven
Be constant as I go
Then seek for heavenly grace before you'v run your race
Which is so freely given
And raise your eyes above and bless redeeming love
And be prepared for heaven.

The second, which echoes the sentiments expressed in "The Fire Side," is "The down hill of life":

1. In the down hill of life when I find
   I'm declining
   May my fate no less fortunate be
   Than a snug elbow-chair can afford
   for reclining
   And a cot that oerlooks the broad Sea
   An ambling pack poney to pace oar the lawn
   While I caroal away idle sorrow
   And blith as the lark that each day hails
   the dawn
   Look forward with hope for tomorrow

2. With a poarch at my door both for shelter
   and shade too
   As the sunshine or rain may prevail
   And a small spot of ground for the use
   of the spade too
   And a barn for the use of the flail
   A Cow for my dary a dog for my game
   And a purse when a friend wants to borrow



Samuel Rugg on his pillow the night before his birthday
Twenty years of age

Three score years and ten, allotd unto men
Will close with me to morrow
Or length of days are given by him who rules in heaven
Of him then I must borrow
And as my dying hour, is hastening as I run
Whilst I remain below
So may my prayer to heaven for sins to be forgiven
Be constant as I go
Then seek for heavenly grace before your course run your race
Which is so freely given
And raise your eyes above and bless redeeming love
And be prepard for heaven

I,ll envy no nabob his riches or fame
Nor what honours may awate him tomorrow

3. From the bleak northern blast may my
   cot be completely
Secured by a neighboring hill
And at night may repose steal upon me
   more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill
And while peace and plenty I find at my board
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow
With my friends will I share what today
   may afford
And let them spread the table tomorrow

4. And when I at last must put off
   this frail covering
Which I,ve worn for three score years and ten
On the brink of the grave I,ll not
   seem to keep hovering
Nor my thread wish to spin oar again
But my face in the glass I,ll serenely survey
And with smiles count each wrincle and furrow
As this old worn out stuff which is
   thread bare to day
May become everlasting tomorrow.

These two poems seem to show that in addition to being fond of poetry, collecting and preserving what appealed to him, and scribbling occasional original verses, Samuel Rugg was in his later years something of a poet himself.

Samuel Rugg's lecture to his fellow citizens in 1842 shows him to have been an inventor, a Tory, and a patriot, as well as the husband of one wife for fifty years. His Notebook tells us little about his family except that

two of his sons are mentioned. On April 17, 1835, Warren, the younger, and others "froze their ears." And his elder son figures in the latest puzzling entry on an otherwise blank page in the Notebook, dated shortly after the beginning of the Mexican War:

> July 31st 1846 Samuel S. Rugg Returned home to Lowell leaving with his Father Samuel Rugg five Dollars in cash to accounted for

In September, 1821, he mentions visiting his children in Reading and Cambridge, and in 1837, as we have seen, notes the presence of Mr. Newhall, presumably his daughter Emily's husband.

But the Notebook tells us other things about Samuel Rugg. His Toryism evidently led him into ardent discussion with his neighbors, and he supported his beliefs in an undated lecture on government. He was a man who kept meticulous records of his business transactions and paid his way as he went. He was interested in the weather not only as it affected his crops but as it was good for sledding or for children running to school or bad because of gales or floods or children freezing their ears or old people dropping away. He studied his Bible carefully and thoughtfully, was aware of the many ills of mankind and kept a record of any cures for them that came his way. And whether the selections in the Notebook are original or copied, they show him to be a man who knew and loved music and poetry and a quiet life. Thus one Tory lived his normal life through three wars in which his country was engaged; and, in a lecture to his fellow citizens and his private Notebook, left a record for his descendants of the kind of man he was.

On Sunday, August 14, 1904, less than a year before her death, Samuel Rugg's granddaughter, Clara Newhall

Conant, then visiting nearby, wrote in her diary:

> Rode to Lancaster cemetery found the graves of my Grandparents on the stone were these lines
>
> "Sweet sleep to those who'll rise
> To meet a pardoning God
> Cleansed by the willing sacrifice
> Of their Redeemer's blood."

PART II

OLD FOLKS' HONEYMOON

OLD FOLKS' HONEYMOON

Prelude

In September of 1860 when North and South were, in Henry Steele Commager's phrase, "drifting into war," for most Americans life went on as usual. A stroller along the streets of Lynn, Massachusetts, for instance, might have been presented with a handbill, approximately twenty-four by ten inches, bearing at the top a sketch of a gentleman in knee breeches and long coat, and at the bottom a sketch of a lady's head in a poke bonnet. Above and around and below the two sketches the bill announced:

SIXTH SEASON

The Original

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS CONCERT TROUPE

The Greatest Musical Novelty of the Age

The Most Popular Company in the United States!

The first to revive the Sacred Anthems and Hymn Tunes of "Ye Olden Times", and the First to appear upon the American Stage in ANCIENT COSTUME

Over Nine Hundred Old Folks Concerts have already been given by this Company!

Sixth Season!
THE ORIGINAL
OLD FOLKS
FATHER KEMP'S
CONCERT TROUPE!
The Greatest Musical Novelty of the Age
The Most Popular Company in the United States!

The citizens of this place are respectfully informed that arrangements have been made, whereby the celebrated and popular Choral and Instrumental combination, known throughout the United States as

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS CONCERT COMPANY!

From Massachusetts—Consisting of 30 Ladies and Gentlemen,

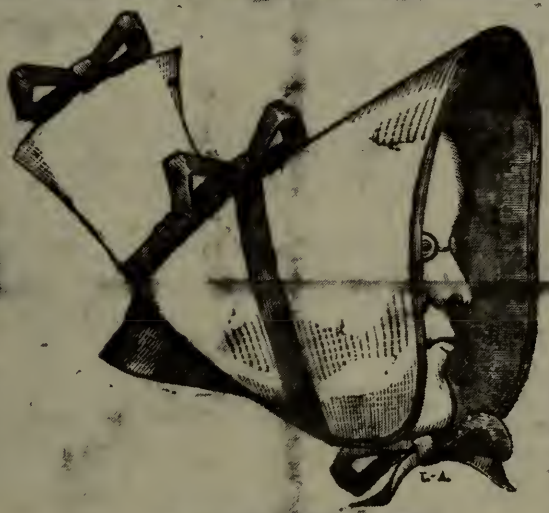
TOGETHER WITH THEIR

GRAND ORCHESTRA!

All of whom are clad in costume of by gone years—representing the dress worn by the early Pilgrims, the ancient and venerated [illegible] the old maid from the rural districts, the Boston Dandy—as it appeared forty years ago, Queen Victoria, Louis Napoleon and other once popular and distinguished characters, forming the largest and most attractive organization that has ever travelled through the United States—will have the honor of giving their Unique, Far-Famed, and Peculiar Entertainments in this place, which have awakened so many happy recollections of the past, and brought to view fond memories of loved ones long since gone to their final rest, and which have delighted FULL and OVERFLOWING HOUSES, in cities North, South, East and West.

The Old Folks Concert Troupe will appear in their Popular

HOME CIRCLES



REHEARSALS FIRESIDE

ASSISTED BY

MRS. EMMA J. DAVIS NICHOLS,

(THE CHARMING YANKEE VOCALIST,)

ILLUSTRATING BY THE POWER OF MUSIC, the Psalms of David, the Songs of Solomon, the Hymns of Wesley and Watts, in those "Goode olde Melodyes" and always admired Fugue Tunes of Billings and Holden—and in order to inculcate in the younger portion of the audience a love of liberty and veneration of country, they will on each occasion conclude with the THREE GREAT NATIONAL AIRS! English—"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN," French—"MARSEILLES HYMN," [illegible]—"HAIL COLUMBIA."

LYCEUM HALL LYNN

Tuesday & Wednesday Evenings, Sept. 25 & 26
Wednesday afternoon at Three o'clock, Grand Musical Reunion for the accommodation of Ladies and Children

Children at Afternoon Concert 10 cents

The citizens of this place are respectfully informed that arrangements have been made whereby the celebrated and popular Choral and Instrumental combination, known throughout the United States as

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS CONCERT COMPANY!

From Massachusetts—Consisting of 30 Ladies and Gentlemen Together with their

GRAND ORCHESTRA !

All of whom are clad in costume of bygone years—representing the dress worn by the early Pilgrims, the ancient and venerated Franklin, the noble and heroic Washington, the firm and dignified Hancock, General Putnam, Thomas Jefferson, Martha Washington, the old man from the rural districts, the Boston Dandy—as he appeared forty years ago, Queen Elizabeth, Louis Napoleon and other once popular and distinguished characters, forming the largest and most attractive organization that has ever travelled through the United States—will have the honor of giving their Unique, Far-Famed,

and Peculiar Entertainments in this place, which have awakened so many happy recollections of the past, and brought to view fond memories of loved ones long since gone to their final rest, and which have delighted FULL and OVERFLOWING HOUSES, in cities North, South, East and West.

The Old Folks Concert Troupe will appear in their Popular

HOME CIRCLES or FIRESIDE REHEARSALS

assisted by

MRS. EMMA DAVIS NICHOLS

(The Charming Yankee Vocalist)

In all the pieces to be sung the "Old Folks" will be accompanied by their GRAND ORCHESTRA.

GRANDSIRE BALDWIN, although going on to 92, will play the "Big Fiddle" with the vigor of early manhood.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS

Doors open at 7 o'clock

Concert to commence at 8 o'clock

Father Kemp's Old Folks Concert Tunes for Sale at the Door

"Father Kemp" was born Robert H. Kemp in Wellfleet, Massachusetts, on June 6, 1820. At twenty he

became a junior partner of the firm Mansfield & Kemp, shoe-dealers in Boston. Soon after his marriage he bought a farm in Reading. There, in an age of few public entertainments, he began to gather together at his home groups of singers interested in reviving the "music of their fathers." From these informal gatherings grew up the Reading Old Folks' Musical Society. When the first formal concert was given at Lyceum Hall in Reading in the early fifties, the house was packed, and many who could not get in stood outside on a cold December evening to listen. Concerts in Lynn and Boston followed, and ultimately the formation of Father Kemp's Old Folks Concert Troupe.

In 1868, Kemp published *Father Kemp and his Old Folks: A History of the Old Folks' Concerts, Comprising an Autobiography of the Author*. Frank J. Metcalf, in his article on Kemp in the *Dictionary of American Biography,* notes that the strangest fact in Kemp's career is stated in the last sentence of the autobiography:

> Although I have swung my baton before a large choir in upwards of six thousand concerts, my word upon it, I never knew a note of music, and cannot distinguish a "minim" from a "demisemiquaver." I flatter myself, however, that I can beat time with the most accomplished impressario.

Among the members of Father Kemp's Old Folks that September of 1860 were two young people who were entering upon their second season with the troupe. Benjamin Conant, the eldest son of Levi Conant, a farmer of Littleton, Massachusetts, had left home at eighteen to learn the trade of printer in Boston. There he had sung in the choir of King's Chapel. He had a fine tenor voice and, in August of 1859, he had joined Father

Kemp, shortly after his twenty-second birthday on July 28th. Also joining the troupe for that fifth season of 1859–1860 was Miss Clara Newhall, the daughter of Reuben Newhall, of South Reading, later Wakefield. She had been a librarian in the public library of the town and was well known for her clear and true soprano voice. In the journal which Benjamin kept during his two years with the "class," as he frequently calls the Old Folks, Clara Newhall's name appears with increasing frequency. Excerpts from his journal and in the second year from hers as well, tell their story.

1859

Aug. 30. Tuesday Andover Ms. Eagle Hotel
Here I am with "Father Kemp's Old Folks Concert Troupe." We left Boston at 10.15 this morning. We gave a concert last night in Saugus, and Saturday Evening in So. Reading. Had a Rehearsal at Kemp's house in Reading last Saturday afternoon. . . . It is a very fine day, as good as we could wish to start on.

Aug. 31 Wednesday
Our concert yesterday afternoon was attended by nearly 200, mostly children. In the Evening there were about 700; giving us in all over $175. We have had a first rate beginning. . . . I was introduced to the audience last night as "one of the pilgrim fathers" by "Father Kemp." . . . The concerts *take* first rate, and the people seem to be very well pleased. At the Hotel we had very good accommodations. The single

gentlemen all slept in a hall, sixteen of us, in nine beds.

From Andover and Haverhill the company toured several cities in New Hampshire and Maine. One brief item should be included, dated September 10 in Bath:

> I received a letter from Henry Washburne today. He says the other Company [of Old Folks] is doing first rate.

Then come the following entries:

> Sept. 20 Tuesday Littleton
> I arrived here yesterday. . . . Sunday [in Portland] was a very pleasant day, and we had quite a full house in the evening. I went with Mrs. Pierce and Miss Newhall to hear Mr. Stebbins preach in the morning. . . . Our visit in Portland was a very pleasant one, as has the whole tour been to me. We shall give concerts in Boston and vicinity next week, and start on a tour West and South a week from next Monday.
>
> Nov. 28 Monday New York City Merchant's Hotel
> It is a beautiful day. . . . Went over to Brooklyn last evening in company with Miss Newhall to Rev. Mr. Longfellow's Church. . . . They had a service last evening, and do every Sunday evening called *vespers*. The service which consists mostly of reading and singing was very interesting. . . . I was very much pleased with the service, and think it would do more than most of the prosy sermons we hear now-a-days.

Dec. 10 Philadelphia Saturday
After concert last night, several of us had a good nice time in the girls' room, in the way of nuts, candy and ale, and a social chat, which lasted till about eleven o'clock.

Jan. 6 [1860] Friday Newark, N.J. City Hotel
Yesterday morning we distributed bills [i.e. handbills], and in the afternoon, Mr. Whitney, Edgar and Samuel Spinning, Misses Newhall, Mathews and myself went to call on some friends of Spinning. Had a very pleasant visit. Heard some fine piano playing. . . . We heard from the Massachusetts Old Folks today. They disbanded some time since . . . had to pawn their watches and articles of clothing to raise money enough to get home with, and some are two or three hundred dollars poorer than when they left home. Mr. Kemp feels pretty jolly over it.

Jan. 22 Sunday Harrisburgh, Pa. Herr's Hotel
Yesterday morning Misses Newhall and Taylor, and myself took a walk over the bridge across the Susquehanah river. It is nearly three quarters of a mile long. The scenery is beautiful on the banks of the river.

Feb. 13th Monday Buffalo, N.Y. American Hotel
. . . Got up early this morning, after breakfast nearly all the Old Folks took the nine o'clock train for Niagara Falls. . . . Mr. Boutwell and wife, Misses New-

> hall, Taylor and myself took a hack and rode down to the Falls. . . . It was grand and sublime beyond my expectation. Words cannot describe the scene or feelings of one. . . . Soon arrived at the spot where Miss Martha K. Rugg fell in the act of picking a flower, in 1844. Miss Newhall was a cousin to her, and she got out and went to the spot and gathered a bush and wrote her name on the board that marks the spot.

In Clara Newhall's writing desk, more than sixty years after her death, were found the following lines, accompanied by this explanation:

> Mollie French sent me these lines knowing they were the last words ("Let me") of Martha Rugg. She had heard me speak of her when at Niagara—still she thought they would be interesting to me, as of course they will to you. They are beautiful I think. She found them in Quincy. She is visiting there now.

Lines

On reading that the only words spoken by the young lady recently killed at Niagara Falls, after the accident, were—"Let me"—

"Let me," and here the fast receding breath
Denied the power of utterance—the throb
Of that young heart grew faint; Ah! reckless Death
How didst thou then of hope surviving bosoms rob!

What was the wish thus less than half expressed,
That latest image of the aching brain,

Imprisoned in the fair young sufferer's breast,
Without the strength to burst the feeble chain.

Was it a prayer that she might longer live,
Addressed to Him who holds the scroll of fate,
Or did she wish a parting thought to give
In trust to those that watching round her wait?

Some fond remembrance of her distant home,
Where late perhaps maternal love had shed
Its hallowed flame, and when resolved to roam
Had breathed a farewell blessing on her head.

Ah, who so fitting now to claim her thoughts,
As she whose hand sustained her helpless years.
Oh that the action of that hand, were brought,
To wipe, with tender care, those dying tears.

See, in the theatre of nature's might
In boundless strength the dashing waters rush,
With brawling fury o'er the dizzy height,
And threaten e'en the solid rock to crush.

But mark the contrast! On that bed of pain
The form reclines of nature's noblest art,
Whose strongest energy is spent in vain,
To breathe the last conception of her heart.

Great Ruler of the destinies of Man!
Teach us to reverence thy dark decree;
Forgive the daring murmur at thy plan,
And make us yield and humbly trust to thee.

The last words of the dying girl may be
The first to form the Christian's hopeful prayer;
Trusting her happy spirit is with thee;
He cries, "O Father 'Let me' join her there."

Only three more entries from Benjamin's journal of the 1859-1860 season seem pertinent.

Feb. 21st Tuesday Brooklyn, N.Y. Mansion House
. . . Yesterday morning I distributed bills on Hoyt Street. About eleven Clara [no longer Miss Newhall] and myself went over to Barnum's Museum went all through the curiosity rooms then went out and got some dinner and went back to the performance. The play was "The Octaroon". It was a good play, a presentation of life in Louisiana.

Mar.14 Wednesday Providence, R.I. Earl House
. . . Did not have so good accommodations at the hotel in New London as in many hotels. The landlord is not married and that is a very bad state for a young man to be in, and in addition to that, the housekeeper was sick.

Mar. 27 Tuesday Boston Adams House
This week will end the season of the Old Folks concerts. We give the last concert Friday night in Cambridge.

Benjamin leaves no account of what he did during the summer. It is probable that he helped his father on the farm and sang in church on Sunday. The journal continues with the beginning of the sixth season of Father Kemp's Old Folks Concert Troupe.

Sept. 26 Wednesday Lynn, Mass. Sagamore House
Again with Father Kemp's Old Folks. We gave our first concert for the season in Lyceum Hall, Lynn last evening. . . .

Sept. 28 Friday Salem Essex House
. . . Clara Newhall has been unwell since we left home, being unable to sleep. She did not go to the concert . . . but made out to sleep last night and feels better today. . . .

Oct. 6 Saturday Andover, Mass. Eagle House
. . . . I am going with Miss Newhall to South Reading to stay till Monday, after the concert tonight. . . .

Oct. 8th Monday Lawrence Franklin House.
We did not have so large an audience in Andover Saturday evening as I had expected. Took $66. After evening concert Clara and myself rode down to South Reading in a carriage with Mr. Fields. It is about ten miles from Andover, and we arrived there about quarter before twelve. Went to Church at the Orthodox in S.R. yesterday forenoon and at the Baptist in the afternoon . . . went down to Mr. Wheelock's [Clara's brother-in-law] to tea. Left S.R. for Lawrence at half past twelve.

Clara Newhall also kept a journal during that second season with the Old Folks. Under date of October 5 she says

> Andover Stop at same Hotel as last year good living, but lonely—go home to spend Sunday after concert.

and on October 8

> Lawrence. Came from home this morning, give two concerts today.

She does not mention the fact that Benjamin went with her.

After touring other cities in Massachusetts and southern New England, the Old Folks gave concerts in New York, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Wilmington. Benjamin's next significant entry is

> Dec. 16 Sunday Philadelphia, Pa. Ashland House
> We left Newark last Wednesday morning. . . . Had very good success . . . considering we stayed there so long last year. Opened on $108 here last Wednesday night. . . . Europe is all the talk in the class now and partial arrangements have been made to go in the steamer Canada the 9th of January.

On December 24th many of the group, including Benjamin and Clara, took the first train from Baltimore to Washington and spent the day sightseeing and obtaining their passports. Benjamin's description is as follows:

Age	23 Years
Stature	5 Feet 10½ Inches
Forehead	Full
Eyes	Blue
Nose	Rather large
Mouth	Small
Chin	Square
Hair	Brown
Complexion	Fair
Face	Oval

and the Secretary of State requests "all whom it may concern to permit safely and freely to pass Benjamin Conant (accompanied by Miss Newhall)." Benjamin was greatly impressed by the Capitol, "the most magnif-

icent building by far that I ever saw, and undoubtedly surpasses anything in this country." He felt "ten times repaid for going" to Washington, when they were so near.

On Sunday, December 30, in Wilmington, Delaware, Benjamin notes:

> . . . The time is near at hand when we start for Europe. Expect to be married a short time before starting. It is quite a step to take, but I trust it is for the best.

Apparently he had written home about his future plans, for among the surviving letters to him from members of his family is the following interesting one from his mother:

Littleton Dec. 11, 1860

My Dear Benja

I received your kind letter today, which brought very unexpected tidings, although I must say that I had tried to nerve myself for some change, for it had seemed to me as though you could not travel over this country peaceably and profitably, while there is so much excitement everywhere. I do not wonder that you think you cannot refuse so good an offer, as anxious as you are to see the world, and you probably never would have so good an opportunity again, and as there does not seem to be any reason why you should not go, we will hope and trust it is for the best for you to do as you have decided. In regard to the second chapter of your letter, I hardly know what to say, I believe you did not really ask any advice, and if I should say anything which does not meet your approbation, I trust you have confidence enough in me, as your Mother, to feel that all I wish is for your highest, and best, good, I

feel as though this was a matter which concerned you for this world, and the next. I think I have heard you say that Miss Newhall was a good person, and so I shall believe it, and you have been long enough acquainted with each other, to know whether you are both calculated to make each other happy, for if you *seek* each others happiness, you will not fail to be happy yourselves. I think the institution of marriage was intended for our happiness, and I should prefer to see our children following out that design, if they can be made happier by it, at suitable ages, and circumstances in life, and as each one comes to years of discretion, we shall hope that their good judgement will lead them aright. As for the present time for you perhaps we do not know as well as you do about it, but I think there is one objection that is worthy of consideration, I should not think you would like to put yourselves in the way of having more family untill you get ready to settle down in life. You see that I have been very plain with you for it is not in me to be anything else, if I say anything, and I feel thankful to you for expressing so much freedom to me. When the time comes for you to leave us, I know that I shall feel very bad, but it will not be because I do not want you to go, for it seems to me that you would enjoy yourself much better through life to go, and I will do anything I can to assist you. Come and stay as long as you can with us and you and Clara shall be met and treated as well as we know how. . . . Dear Benja write soon and let us hear all may heavens blessing ever attend you

From your affectionate Mother
A.W.Conant

The following entries from Clara's journal conclude the *Prelude:*

Dec. 31 Newark today a long and tedious ride from W. sing here but go to N. York after concert. Stop again at United States Hotel, have the same rooms as before but only three in them instead of five, and I enjoy the time spent here (the last of our last trip in United States). . . . Was very busy finishing my new costume —going shopping etc. had my bonnet made here at Brooklyn.

Jan. 3d 1861 Leave N.Y. early this Thursday morning for home delayed several hours by engine breaking down & snow upon the tracks first sleighing had seen this year a long and tedious ride to Boston had four engines from Springfield, arrived in B. at 9 o'clock, too late to go to S.R. and stop at Hancock House for the night . . . sleep with Abbie, my last night with her.

Jan. 4 Friday morning up early to go to Littleton get there about nine . . . much pleased with all friends there, and enjoy my visit much better than I had expected, had a tip top time. Friday Eve had company the minister & wife and some others.

Jan. 5 Saturday noon leave L. for home and arrive about five P.M. was glad to be once more with "Old Folks at home." Sat. Eve spend at

> home alone with own folks. Mr. C. & John [her brother] go to rehearsal.

Benjamin adds: "Sunday attended church all day and sung with my old choir. They all seemed glad to see us back."

Wedding and Farewell

On Monday evening, January 7, 1861, Benjamin Conant and Clara Newhall were married at her home in South Reading. Their journals record the event. Clara says:

> Jan. 7 Monday — My wedding day spent it flying around the house doing as fast as I could packing my things etc. Was married at eight o'clock in Eve. quite a pleasant little company present of own folks & a few neighbors, cant say I enjoyed the evening much but felt rather sober in view of that and leaving my home to go so far away, but it is so I am married and hope with Gods help I shall be able to do right in this new event of my life —liked Mr. Phillips remarks on the occasion very much.

And Benjamin:

> Jan. 8 Tuesday Boston Hancock House
> . . . last evening was married. Mr. Phillips performed the ceremony in a very brief but pleasant manner. We did not have any wedding cake or make any display, as there was no time for that. Friends provided a little entertainment, and a few came out of the family only.

On Tuesday the bride and groom had dinner at noon with the Wheelocks, Clara's sister Mary and her husband, and took the one o'clock train for Boston. There at three o'clock the Old Folks all met together at Tremont Temple for a rehearsal, and in the evening gave their farewell concert. The handbill proclaimed:

TREMONT TEMPLE

FAREWELL TO AMERICA

On Tuesday Evening Jan. 8th
positively
ONE NIGHT ONLY
of Father Kemp's
OLD FOLKS
As They Sail for Europe January 9th, 1861

MRS. EMMA J. NICHOLS
will sing on this occasion FOUR SONGS: "Within a mile of Edinboro' Town," "Minnie Clyde," "The Captain," and "The Dearest Spot of Earth."

THE OLD FOLKS & ORCHESTRA
will appear for the first time in their
NEW DRESSES
being the
Same Costume
And Sing the Same Programme
as at the Crystal Palace, London, Jan. 28, 1861

Admission 25 cents
Doors open at 1-4 to 7 To commence at 1-4 to 8

The concert was a great success. Tremont Temple was crowded, with nearly four hundred dollars, according to Clara, or three hundred and sixty-two dollars, according to Benjamin, taken in.

After spending the night again at the Hancock House, the bridal couple left at eight o'clock for the steamer *Canada*. Clara's sisters Mary and Ann, with Mary's husband, Mr. Wheelock, and several friends came to say good-bye to her as she was sitting in "the little second cabin." "How little I knew then," she confides to her journal, "what I was to go through, before I could leave that dreary sitting-room and the only one we could go into – but they left me and, though I had so many friends around, I felt like I had been left alone a feeling came over me I can hardly describe – the future so blind to me it seemed dark indeed."

That none of Benjamin's family was there to see them off was explained in letters received in England from his father and sisters, Nellie, fourteen, and Jennie, twelve. Nellie wrote from Littleton on February 11th, after hearing of their safe arrival:

> You will perhaps be somewhat surprised to hear that Father and myself got up early and started for Boston the morn you started, hearing the steamer did not start till 12 hoping to see you start off; we started at 5 in the morning, got there about 9. Went down to . . . the wharf, got on the ferry for East B. when we saw the steamer about a mile off; she had just fired her last gun, they said; we *were disappointed* Benja . . . however there was no use in "*crying for spilt milk*" . . . got home about ½ past six I found your letter saying you started at 9, which if I had rec'd the eve before we should not have gone.

Further on in the same letter she wrote:

> You wished when you wrote me last to write you how I liked Clara. Well I liked her *very much!* I've now got what I have often wished for, *an older sister* . . . and I think she will make you a *first rate wife;* she wrote me she thought you was *the best man in the world,* so I guess she likes you pretty well.

In the same parcel of letters Jennie wrote:

> How does Clara do is she well? I want you should give her whole bushels of love for me and tell her to write to me and kiss her for me if you ever do such things . . . . Oh Benj aint you coming home before a year and a half [apparently the original plan] . . . I will close hoping you will have a successful journey and a good time and come home with lots of Money.

And besides a long letter from his father to Benjamin was one to Clara, saying in part:

> . . .you may imagine our disappointment in not getting to Boston in time to see you start, I wanted to go aboard the Steamer and see what your accommodations were and give you both a good shake of the hand and a hearty good bye but our eyes could only gaze on the Steamer as she glided down the bay, but as you are united for life, I will only say that you will find Benj a kind hearted man and I have no reason to doubt that you are in every way worthy of the best affection of his heart. . . .

The Voyage

On Wednesday, January 9th, about ten o'clock, the

steamer *Canada* sailed from her wharf down Boston harbor. Clara reports:

> . . though the day was very cold, it was too, very clear, and the view down the Harbor fine — I never before had so good a view of it. We managed to stay up on deck until one o'clock then had to take [to] our little stateroom — which was very comfortable large enough for one trunk, furnished with every convenience but how little it mattered to me after I began to feel seasick — did not leave that day nor the next, our first night had a severe storm of snow, they could see but very little way and were blowing the whistle all night.

Early Friday morning they arrived at Halifax, where the ship had been due at nine o'clock the night before but was delayed by the storm. Benjamin went ashore for a little while and sent a few lines home. For the next few days both Clara and Benjamin report spending most of the time in their bunks, going on deck for an hour or two and then back to bed. On Tuesday, January 15, Clara writes: "The vessel more quiet — got up and felt nicely sat in the cabin all day played backgammon the only day I felt like doing anything while on the ship — sat with the rest at dinner table for the first time."

On Thursday night, with a gale of wind, there was no sleep for either of them. Benjamin comments:

> It was with difficulty sometimes that I could keep in my bunk. The trunk in our Stateroom would move back and forth as the vessel rocked to and fro, and the noise of the water dashing over the sides of the vessel and running down on the decks, crockery falling down and breaking, creaking of

the timbers in the ship, and other noises furnished us with variety enough for one night.

It continued to be very rough until Sunday when both report that it was calmer and they were up nearly all day on deck, seeing several sails and having their first sight of land about one o'clock. Clara records:

> . . .had service in second cabin by a baptist minister. Enjoyed it very much, liked his remarks and prayer, felt it a privilege to join with others in praise and thanksgiving to God for his great watchfulness over us, preserving us through storms and dangers seen and unseen. . . . arrived at Queenstown about ½ past 7 this Evening — left one passenger and the mail there were between 60 & 70 huge bags and this only for one week. The Company are paid over one million dollars for carrying the mail.

On Monday, January 21, most of the group were up bright and early. Benjamin says it was the only really pleasant day they had during the voyage. They were in St. George's Channel, and the western coast of Wales was in sight nearly all day. Clara says it was the only day she went to all the meals and continues:

> . . .feel happy that it is our last day on the ship, though I shall never forget the kindness of the officers and stewards, particularly of Archy the one that waited upon us all the voyage, never a kinder creature could a sick person wish for than he — bringing us every little delicacy we asked for, and if we did not taste it was not impatient. . . . I really enjoyed looking around the ship seeing the sights which before I had neither felt able nor interested to do, went down to see the monstrous engine which

though I knew so little about interested me very much. . . . Had a good laugh today, one of the passengers set out to go up the rope ladders but the sailors were after him in double quick time lashed him so he could neither get up nor down, nor would they untie the ropes untill he promised to give them each a quarter (an English shilling) it was fun for the passengers and he felt cheap enough for being so green it seems a privilege sailors have of catching a landsman if on their premises.

Benjamin describes their approach to and arrival in Liverpool:

I enjoyed being on deck that day very much. The coast is very rugged and we saw several lighthouses. As we were passing Holyhead we saw the Mail Steamer going over with the mails we left at Queenstown the night before. As we neared Liverpool we saw sails all the time, and I counted twenty-seven at one time. About four o'clock we arrived in Liverpool Harbor. The Ship fired guns and soon a little Steamer came out and took the Liverpool mails and carried [them] ashore and then came back for the passengers and baggage. Then followed the inspection of the baggage by the Custom House officers which occupied an hour or two, when we all left the Steamer Canada and went ashore. Taking it all together we had a very rough passage. Mr. Rae the purser said he had been on the line fourteen years and it was the roughest passage he had made. Our Steward Archy was very kind to us when we were sick. . . . He said we were the poorest lot of sailors he ever saw. It was about half past seven when we landed, and a walk of about half a mile

or more to the hotel, where we found a good supper ready for us, and it relished well.

Clara adds an interesting note:

> Coming to the hotel passed a little box as I might call it but large enough to be lighted up and a crowd gathered around to see Punch & Judy squabbling a new sight for us. We were all much pleased with Hotel comforts and didn't our suppers of fried fish & muffins taste good.

Liverpool and Chester

That first night at the Victoria Hotel in Liverpool Benjamin and Clara went to bed early but were unable to sleep because, according to Benjamin, "The motion of the vessel did not get out of my head and we were rocking and pitching all night." They felt better the next day. Both comment upon how smoky the city is and how much it reminds them of Pittsburgh. Clara makes the heartfelt comment, ". . . how good it seems to be again somewhere." She spent the morning washing and looking over the trunk. Benjamin wrote home and took a short walk, noting how odd the carriages and carts looked, some drawn by little mules. In the afternoon they had a rehearsal in St. George's Hall, "an elegant building surpassing in grandeur the Capitol in Washington. . . . The hall will seat three thousand persons." Mr. Jarrett, their agent, came to the rehearsal, a good one, and several editors came with him.

On Wednesday afternoon, January 23rd, they had another rehearsal and that evening gave their first concert in England. Benjamin notes:

> Everyone of us were anxious to have it pass off

well, and each one felt more than usual interest for much depended upon the first night. At eight o'clock we all marched in on the stage, and were received with much enthusiasm. The large hall was full. About a thousand tickets were given out, and tickets that were sold amounted to nearly two hundred dollars. Everything passed off to our satisfaction, and the audience seemed well pleased. The papers gave us good notices . . . especially the Mercury, which is the leading paper here.

On the following Sunday, January 27th, Benjamin writes:

We have had quite mild weather ever since we came here. Have given our concerts in the elegant concert room connected with St. George's Hall. Have had very good audiences at every concert considering the concerts are new here. The smallest audience was last evening when we had £23 in. Mr. Kemp seems quite discouraged, but most of the class considering all things, feel quite encouraged.

And on Saturday, February 2nd:

Pleasant and comfortable weather continues, and our audiences are larger than at first which is very favorable for us. Had over two hundred dollars in last evening, which is the most we have taken at any concert here. Father Kemp's benefit was announced for last night. Sung the Dying Christian and Jehovah's Praise for the first time in England and both went very well. Last Wednesday gave a morning concert in this place and Thursday morning in Birkenhead, which is just across the ferry from here. . . . When we left the hotel to go to the

ferry it was quite amusing to see the little ragged boys put after us to carry our carpet bags.

There was also time in Liverpool for sightseeing. Both Benjamin and Clara were impressed by the sidewalks of stone and the buildings all of brick, "but not so nice as that used in the United States." They went to an Exhibition of Allsop's wax-work figures, walked down to and admired the docks, and were invited by the manager to go over St. George's Hall, with which they were tremendously impressed. Over five hundred men were employed in erecting the building, all of stone and costing £ 300,000, and fifty men were needed all the time to keep it in order. In the basement they saw arrangements for cooking on a large scale, engines for ventilating the building, one for blowing the famous £10,000 organ, as well as cells for prisoners. The courts, they learned, were held in certain rooms in the building. From the basement they went to the top of the building, where they had a fine view of Liverpool, which would have been better, had there not been so much smoke. All the rooms were handsomely carved, and there was "a great deal of statuary," including "one very large statue of Hercules." Benjamin notes that the chandeliers in the large hall cost 750 guineas each and concludes: "Felt well paid for going over it. I came to the conclusion that Central Hall Littleton is nothing to be compared to it."

The mild weather of their first few days, so mild that they were quite comfortable without a fire in their room, gave way to colder, dull, rainy days. On Tuesday, February 5th, Clara writes:

> Quite dull and rainy – have fire in my room and at home all day. Mr. C. studying all day, poor house in Eve.

and on the following Thursday, February 7th, Benjamin adds:

> Monday and Tuesday evenings had small audiences — taking only enough each night to pay the hall rent. . . . I have had a good chance to go ahead in Phonography since we have been here. Have studied five or six hours per day for a few days past.

On that Thursday evening they gave their last concert in St. George's Hall to a full house, taking in over two hundred dollars.

On Friday morning the Old Folks left Liverpool for Chester, where they stayed overnight at the Imperial Hotel and gave concerts Friday evening and Saturday "morning" at two o'clock, returning to Liverpool after the concert. Their first experience in English trains brought Benjamin's comment:

> The cars seem quite odd to us. They are partitioned off, and in each apartment there are two seats facing each other. We were locked in the cars by the conductor.

Although it rained all the time, both Benjamin and Clara enjoyed their visit and were impressed by the antiquity of the city, by the Cathedral, the wall, and St. John's church. They visited the Cathedral on Friday afternoon. Benjamin gives his impressions:

> It is a very large as well as very old Church there are three or four different wings, each of which is itself a large building. One of the wings is empty, where the floor is of tombstones, and there are also inscriptions on the walls. We were then conducted

into a large place that was quite dark which was used by nuns a long time ago for some purpose. Were shown a dark passage that was underground that monks formerly went through to some of their secret places. Were next shown into a sort of Library room where we were shown two flags that were preserved from the battle of Bunker's Hill; — one of them a British and the other a continental flag. Were shown the tomb of a Mr. Phillips, brother of Washington's first love. After that we went into the chapel to divine service, which they have three times every day, at 7 and 11 in the morning and 4 in the afternoon. The service was very interesting and lasted about an hour. The singing was by a choir of fourteen boys and six men. . . . Part of the building is eight hundred years old.

On Saturday morning they walked about the city, noting the old buildings and the narrow streets. ". . . to some of them there is a sidewalk up a flight of stairs, connected with the buildings. There is a story underneath and another above, so that we were in the buildings, yet on the sidewalk." They walked entirely around the wall, passed the old barracks, Chester Castle, and several watch towers, including the one from which King Charles "saw his army defeated on Rowton Moor." Clara mentions especially the fine view from the wall of the Chester Trotting Park in which races are held every year in May.

From the wall they went aside into St. John's Church, which they both described in some detail. The floor made up of tombstones impressed them both, and both copied the inscription in red and blue concerning "This Churches Antiquitye." Another inscription interested

Benjamin, of which he says this is an exact copy:

> "*H.S.* of this City, gave to y.e poor of this Par.sh *Ten Pounds* y.e interest thereof, to be given by y.e Min.r & wards to 20 poor old Maids or widow.s 6d apiece, none to be taken into y.e numb.r under 60 years old, & such as are, & have been of good behavi'r & members of y.e Church of England. *H.S.* also gave to y.e pres.t Min.r a Guinea, for a sermon preached on y.e 27.th of Decem.r 1728 being St. Johns day. & hath taken care by her will y.t y.e pres.t Min.r or his Successors shall have a Guinea, for Preaching a Sermon on y.e S.d St Johns day Annually forever, to y.e Clark 2.s & 6.d to y.e Sexton 2.s"

The H.S., Benjamin explains, stood for Hellena Salmond. Part of the building at the back was all in ruins, and both Benjamin and Clara report that the stone of which it was built was so soft that it crumbled when they touched it.

Interested in the great age of Chester, Benjamin quoted an extract from a history of the city:

> ". . . the first name the city was supposed to have borne was Neomagus, derived from Magus, Son of Samothes, first planter of inhabitants in this Isle after Noah's flood, and of him was called Samothes; and this Samothes was the son of Japhet, who was the third son of Noah."

Clara hoped to go to Chester again sometime to visit other places of interest. More especially she notes:

> Two miles out from Chester there lives a man whose income is a guinea a minute they told us his dining room is lined with gold, wanted to go to see his place but had not time.

Arriving back in Liverpool about half past five on Saturday afternoon, they gave a concert that evening in Concert Hall, Lord Nelson Street, at which they took in one hundred dollars. On Sunday morning they attended a Methodist Church and heard, according to Benjamin, "an excellent sermon on Affliction." He concludes his long entry for Sunday, February 10th:

> This is our last day in Liverpool. Have on the whole had a very good time here.

London

On Monday morning, February 11th, the Old Folks arose at three o'clock and took the train from Liverpool to London. Clara did not appreciate the journey. The first part of it was all in the dark, and the new scenes of the last part she was too tired to enjoy. She was interested, however, as was Benjamin, in the highly cultivated land, "every inch of it," the people plowing, the thatched cottages, the fences of "shrubbery," and the sheep feeding, all of it so different from home.

Arriving in London about eleven o'clock, they were met by Mr. Jarrett and conducted to *their* house, 18 Green Street, which he had hired, with servants, for them to keep house in. Only the married couples and the the girls were to stay there. The single men had to lodge elsewhere. They were dismayed at the situation. The house could not accommodate them comfortably, their room was small and dirty, and they did not have enough to eat. Benjamin explains:

> We did not have potatoes enough to half go round and the same with puddings. The landlady does not seem to know how to provide for so many. After dinner I went out and bought some pies and

cake and oranges and finished my dinner. There is too much of the grab game to suit me.

He also confesses:

> We have a poor room, small and dirty, and Clara felt quite blue yesterday, and I must confess when I arrived here and came to see how we were situated, not knowing how we should be received, it made me a little discouraged, but there is no use in feeling so and we must nerve up and do the best we can and it will all come out right in the end.

After the first week their living arrangements were improved by each member of the group being given a certain amount, about ninety cents a day, and taking his meals where he chose. Benjamin and Clara usually had their breakfasts and suppers in their own room, of which Clara once records washing the floor, and went out for their dinner. One morning Clara went down to the kitchen to fry doughnuts.

On the evening following their arrival they gave their first concert in London, at St. James's Hall, over a mile from their house. They had a good audience for the first one and felt encouraged. Later in the week the audiences dwindled, and Clara reports that on Saturday morning, February 16th, Father Kemp came into their room and "talked very discouragingly." At concerts that afternoon and evening, however, they took in over one hundred and sixty-five dollars, the first day, Benjamin notes, that they "had enough in to pay expenses." After the evening concert, Clara records, "very good days work go all hands to a saloon for a supper." Father Kemp was feeling better at night than he was in the morning.

The following Saturday, February 23rd, Benjamin says it was a dull and rainy day outside and "not so

Benjamin Conant

Clara Newhall Conant

cheerful as I like to feel" inside. For the past week they had no more than made expenses, if that, and Father Kemp was "all down at the heel." He had taken offense at something said a night or two before and had given notice that he should stay only through the following week. Most of the "class," except perhaps Mrs. Nichols, seemed willing to have him go. How it would all turn out Benjamin couldn't say. Clara comments:

> There has for several days past been a fuss in class, and I fear will prove a serious one most of the men are anxious for Father K to go home think they cannot get along with him, but hope yet it may blow over, and all stay and live in peace.

For the next weeks their success in the concerts fluctuated. Occasionally they report a good house, but often so many complimentary tickets were given out that the "take" was low. On Monday afternoon, February 25th, they gave their first concert at the Crystal Palace and were invited to come back on Monday and Friday afternoons for the two following weeks with expenses paid, a good dinner, and £15. Also, they were engaged to give a concert every afternoon the first week in April, Easter Week. But on the whole they were making no money. On February 26th Clara says, "do not have very good success as yet, here, but hope somewhere or some way to do better before long never felt so poor in my life." And on March 8th, "walking to Crystal Palace Depot, which we did, Mr. C. carrying the valise, this was to save our shillings." On Sunday, March 17th, Benjamin notes:

> Had a little dividend of 26 sh. 11 d. Friday, which is the first we have had in England except our

"stipend." . . . Have on the whole had quite a pleasant visit in London, although it seemed gloomy and dull to us when we first came here; but we have seen a great deal that was interesting, and feel quite well paid for coming, although we have not made anything. Hope we shall begin to make money now.

Among the interesting experiences they had in London was that of hearing the Baptist preacher, Charles Haddon Spurgeon. Benjamin had been brought up a Unitarian and Clara a Baptist, and neither could feel at home in the Church of England. They first heard Mr. Spurgeon in Exeter Hall, the Strand, on Sunday morning, February 17th, and Benjamin estimated that there must have been five thousand present. He adds:

He explained the reason, ground, and object of *faith* in a very clear and able manner, and I was quite interested in his sermon, but his manner did not impress me as Beecher's does. He speaks very distinctly and I could hear every word easily, although we were in the back part of the hall. He is a young man, preaches without notes and I am told preaches every day in the week. I am anxious to hear him again.

They went to hear him again on March 17th, when Benjamin comments:

Was more interested in him than when I heard him before. He comes down hard on the Church of England and speaks his mind fearlessly and boldly. His new tabernacle is nearly done, and he commences preaching there in two or three Sabbaths.

On April 7th, after they had completed their engage-

ment at the Crystal Palace, they went to hear him when he preached for the first time in the new Tabernacle, which Benjamin found "quite pretty inside and out, and will seat many more than Beecher's." He continues: "I liked him better than ever before. He gave notice that Lord's Supper would be administered this evening and invited all Church members, whether Baptists or not."

In a letter to his ten-year-old sister Amelia, written from Leamington on April 16th, Benjamin entertained her by expressing his opinion of the Church of England:

> They are about the same I consider as the Roman Catholic. Everybody has to be taxed to support the English Church, and if they want to hear other preaching, have to pay for that besides. The singers in all the English Churches are boys for treble and alto and men for tenor and bass, and they dress up in little white *nightgowns* and sit in little boxes near the pulpit, half on one side and half on the other; the old priests come out and say something, then all the people jump up, then the minister says yaw, yaw, yaw, then the congregation say it, then the minister says it again, and so it goes for an hour and a half, when the priest changes his nightgown and puts on his black one and then the sermon comes which lasts half an hour or less. The services are usually two hours long and very tedious.

Later in the same letter he says:

> In reading over my letter I find I am rather hard on the Episcopals, but I do not like their form. They are not like that denomination at home, having a much longer service. . . .

In London Benjamin and Clara also took advantage of their opportunities for sightseeing and recorded their impressions in entertaining fashion. On the first day on which they had an allowance to provide their own food, they went out to breakfast but ate their other meals at home. In the afternoon they visited the famous Madame Tussaud & Sons' exhibition of wax statuary. They were both impressed by the statues of famous Americans — Washington, Franklin, Buchanan — and Clara especially by the "most cunning little children" of the Royal Family that "looked like life." Both mention the "chamber of horrors," displaying among other gruesome objects the scaffold and Guillotine used in the French Revolution and a model of the Bastille with "a representation of Count de Lorge confined" therein. Benjamin explains:

> He was the man that after a solitary confinement of thirty years, upon his release, everything seemed so changed. . .he would often beg to be returned to his dungeon.

Clara notes further:

> . . .the existence of the unfortunate man has by some been doubted but Madam Tussaud was herself a witness of his having been taken out of that Prison. She was then residing at her Uncles No 20 Boulevard du Temple, Paris, where the Count was brought but his chains had been taken off. . . he lived but six weeks after his liberation. . . .

Both describe with great interest the room devoted to the relics that belonged to Napoleon, especially the carriage that he used at Waterloo. Clara says of it:

> . . .it is a house within a carriage got into it and

> sat, while a man showed us all its conveniences it was built out in front so that the Emperor could sleep in it by placing a plank across from the seat and having a mattress upon it there were drawers for various purposes, a writing desk etc. a place for his gun and another for his sword, a great many relics found in the carriage.

She continues:

> Saw the robes worn by him and Josephine they were alike a purple velvet with raised figures that looked very much like beetle bugs . . .

and concludes:

> . . .went to walk down Oxford St. after leaving, and bought us some preserves & pies for supper.

They went several times to Buckingham Palace, hoping to catch a glimpse of the Queen and were at last successful. Their first visit was on February 22nd. Clara records:

> Breakfast at home on cold pork, go soon after down to Buckingham Palace, heard & saw the Queen's Band.

And Benjamin:

> . . .went across St. James Park to Buckingham Palace, the winter residence of the Queen. It is an elegant building with decorations in front, enclosed with an iron fence. There are several sentinels and policemen around to guard the Palace. It surpasses the Whitehouse in Washington in grandeur.

On March 14th they tried again. Benjamin says:

> . . .Clara and I went down to Buckingham Palace and thought we would "hang around" and try to get a chance to see the Queen. Went down about ten o'clock and were told that she would be out sometime during the day. Waited till past four when it was announced that she was *not* coming out. However we saw Princess Alice riding in a carriage and Prince Albert the Queen's consort and Prince Leopold a son, on horseback. Went up on the park about noon where we saw the Dutchess of Cambridge and her daughter Princess Mary. The Duke of Cambridge is Commander in Chief of the British army and I am told that he is the one the Queen wanted to marry but was not allowed to.

The next day Clara records:

> . . .about three o'clock P.M. . .started again to go to Buckingham Palace, and were just in time to see her Majesty ride out. She was in an open barouche and we had a very good chance to see her, her husband and two of her daughters were in the carriage with her, had very little show today to appear out, four horsemen and on the horses drawing the carriage two footmen. We then walked to Hyde Park and had a very good view of her.

On the day of their first visit to Buckingham Palace they spent the rest of the morning in the Houses of Parliament and in the afternoon crossed the Thames to attend a performance at Astley's Royal Amphitheatre, half circus and half pantomimes and tableaux. At the Houses of Parliament Benjamin admired "some elegant paintings on the walls," one he noticed most particularly being "the embarcation of the Pilgrim Fathers."

Only the House of Lords was in session. "The members are called Peers," Benjamin comments, "and some of them had wigs on." In the afternoon Benjamin enjoyed the performance "as well as any I ever saw." Clara "never had seen anything of the kind and liked some parts of the performance very much, one little boy not over three years old rode a cunning little pony very fast jumped bars etc."

Clara found Westminster Abbey "a gloomy place enough, seemed damp and cold as a cellar is a very large long building and must have been in its time a very handsome building." To Benjamin it was "quite a curiosity being very old and contains the tombs of many of the past kings and queens of England, besides other distinguished persons. . . . The building is 375 feet long, and very high, and it must have taken an immense amount of labor to erect it."

Both apparently found their visits to the Queen's Stables and the Zoölogical Gardens of greater interest. Of the Queen's Stables Clara says:

> . . .was very *much* interested to see the beautiful horses two hundred of them carriage horses, state horses which are used but once or twice a year—got some hair from one of their tails and mean to have a pin made of it, there were 8 of them just alike cream color. Saw some very handsome little ponies for the children of the Royal Family — saw the riding horses. . . .

Benjamin adds:

> Saw the Harnesses worn by the State horses. They are made of red morocco and have copper and gilt trimmings. The State carriage is beautiful.

It is twenty-four feet high, the wheels six feet high, and it weighs several tons. There are beautiful paintings on the sides and back, and it cost £ 7000. Was built by George III.

Although both were much impressed by the size, arrangement, and great number and variety of birds and animals at the Zoölogical Gardens, Clara's feelings were somewhat mixed:

I was very much interested in the birds so great a variety of them and so beautiful — many of them were very tame and would follow us as far as their confines would let them for something to eat. . . . The animals too I was much interested in, the antelopes were so pretty, and many of them very handsome — while some were very ugly looking, the Hippopotamus the Rhinoceros were to me the most disagreeable looking their mouths were so large and awful looking. The keeper of the Elephant gave me an invitation to ride on his back which I was rather reluctant to do, but did after a while went into his cage & gave him some cracker, he taking it from my hand very quietly then he kneeled down for me to get on his back which I did and rode several times around his apartment — but did not enjoy my ride very highly, was quite willing to get down.

On the morning of March 5th they went with Mr. and Mrs. McPhail to visit the Tunnel under the Thames and the Tower of London. They went first to Hungerford Bridge where they took a boat for the Tunnel. Clara comments:

. . .passed under the noted London Bridge, nothing very beautiful about it but a very substantial piece of work, will last I should think a thousand

> years, could count nearly 50 carriages upon it at once while we were passing. . . . I must speak now of the miserable accommodations of Ferries in this big city of the world, both the boats and the landings are *very poor* compared with our New York or Boston Ferry boats.

They walked through the Tunnel and back. Both note its dimensions, and Clara mentions having seen pictures of it so she knew what to expect. She notes, however, that

> . . .in the archways are stands and men and women displaying their goods, at the entrance before descending the steps are beautiful pictures.

From the Tunnel they went to the Tower, "quite a long walk," paid a shilling each, and had a guide show them around. Both Clara and Benjamin mention all the sights they were shown but with little comment. Afterwards Clara writes, "have seen a good deal for one day" and Benjamin, "Felt quite tired, but well paid for going." How many sightseers at the Tower have felt the same!

Naturally they did not want to leave London without going to St. Paul's and the British Museum. On Sunday, March 3rd, Clara records:

> . . .take an omnibus for St. Pauls Church the largest in the world except St. Peters at Rome got there just before the sermon, was glad we were no earlier to hear all the previous part of the service — which is not at all interesting to me. . . . The Church is of stone — and inside beautifully carved stone and oak ceilings, the chairs were old fashioned flag bottomed. I counted in one of the windows 458 squares.

On Tuesday, March 12th, they went again, walking the three miles from their house in the rain and mud. Benjamin describes their visit:

> Arrived there just before service, just as the gates were shut, for visitors are not allowed to go in the dome during divine service, which is held twice daily. After service went up to the upper outside railing, which was five hundred and eighteen steps up from the floor. When up there could look down on the top of every steeple that was in sight. Five story houses looked to be not more than fifteen feet high. [Clara says they looked like bird houses.]

From St. Paul's they walked to the hall for their concert, another long walk, but Clara says:

> . . .but did not feel so tired after giving a concert as I used to last fall in giving one when I had kept still all day.

The British Museum Clara describes as

> . . .a very large and handsome building with a large yard in front, surrounded by an iron fence very high and two rows of brass points at top. There is a great deal to see in the Building, it is public property and free to all classes.

Both she and Benjamin describe in detail the many interesting things they saw. Benjamin says they stayed three hours but had time only "to take a hasty glance at what there was to be seen."

Of literary interest during their stay in London, Benjamin says that one evening after their concert they went to the upper St. James's Hall and "saw and heard the

famous Charles Dickens read some extracts from his writings." But he makes no further comment.

South of London

On Monday, March 18th, they left London about noon, took a ferry from Hungerford to London Bridge and walked over the bridge to the railway station to take the train for Brighton. It was a pleasant ride of about sixty miles through fine country of plowed, fertile-looking fields and three or four mile-long tunnels through hills which Benjamin says, "extended in ranges as far as I could see." They were both much pleased with Brighton, according to Benjamin,

> . . .a fashionable watering place, but seems deserted now, there being notices of "rooms to let" in nearly every house. . . . There are some pretty places here; among them is the palace of George IV or the Pavilion as it is now called, in which building we sing. It is a beautiful building outside and in. . . . Last evening the author of "Jack Sheppard" was at our concert. I think his name is Ainsworth.

Clara found their accommodations at No. 8 Middle Street

> . . .very good have a very small sleeping room but quite a pleasant sitting room. . .like the looks of this place very much, a stylish looking watering place, must be a fine place in summer our house quite near sea, our first concert here the people hardly knew what to make of us.

In Brighton the dissatisfaction with Father Kemp, which had been beneath the surface for some time,

finally reached a climax. On Thursday, March 21st, Benjamin writes:

> Tuesday Mr. McPhail and myself conceived the idea of getting up a book to be sold in the concert room, instead of Mr. Kemp's, and have the money put in the treasury. We copied off several pieces, and yesterday invited the members of the class up here to receive their sanction, which we did, unanimously. Last night had an invitation to travel with Mr. Kemp. He said he was about to dissolve his connection with this class and form another. Today there was another meeting of the class and it was voted unanimously to have Mr. Kemp's connection with us cease at the Crystal Palace a fortnight from next Saturday, and a notice was sent to him informing him of the vote. I trust we shall separate peaceably and prosper under Mr. Fields whom we chose for a new leader. Mrs. Nichols was also invited to remain with us, and is to receive the profits arising from the sale of her songs if she does. God grant that we may yet be prospered.

Two days later he writes:

> Had one of the pleasantest days yesterday that we have had in England. Night before last, Father Kemp, in consequence of receiving the notice he did, failed to come to the concert, and his place was filled by Mr. Greene who did very well indeed. Yesterday morning, at a meeting of the class, another notice, signed by every member except Mr. & Mrs. Nichols and Mr. Temple, was sent to him saying that in consequence of his not appearing or sending any notice, that we would consider him no

longer leader of the Company. He seemed to feel very badly about it, and was crying nearly all the time. He and his family left for Liverpool at three o'clock, and are going in the America that sails today for Boston. I cannot help but feeling that he has brought this upon himself by his own stubborn and domineering spirit that he has exercised since we have been here. Mr. & Mrs. Nichols are going to remain with us for the present at least. Mr. Fields took the lead last evening, and the concert went off to the satisfaction of all. I sent a letter to Mr. Hutchinson this morning for him to publish.

Benjamin was so concerned about the trouble with Father Kemp that he said nothing about their financial success in Brighton. After noting, however, that the people hardly knew what to make of them at the first concert, Clara reports on Tuesday, "quite a good house tonight take about 70 dollars," on Wednesday, "have a good house in P.M. take 125 dollars and in Eve 50, a very good days work though it has been very showery." She adds, "Father Kemp so mad tonight would not speak of costumes." And on Saturday, after noting that she spent the morning at home washing and ironing, Clara says, ". . .have splendid house to afternoon concert, take nearly 200 dollars, a splendid day, but only about ¼ as much in Eve. at any rate do a first rate days work."

They both enjoyed walking on the beach at Brighton, collecting shells, and going, as Clara says, "under Chain Pier quite a noted structure extending quite a distance into the sea." Readers of *The Newcomes* may recall Thackeray's interesting comment:

The Chain-pier, as everybody knows, runs intrepidly into the sea, which sometimes, in fine weather,

bathes its feet with laughing wavelets, and anon, on stormy days, dashes over its sides with roaring foam. Here, for the sum of twopence, you go out to sea and pace this vast deck without need of a steward with a basin.

On Sunday, their last day in Brighton, Benjamin records:

Have had very fine weather for the past few days . . . took a walk on Kings road to the outside of the town of Brighton, and in the afternoon walked in the opposite direction. Passed some beautiful residences. Brighton is said to be the most fashionable watering-place in England.

And Clara adds:

Beautiful day go to walk. . .upon the Chain Pier and beyond that into the country. The members of the class stopping at No. 8 Middle St. have a dinner of roast beef & plum pudding at home today, and have quite a social time.

On Monday, about eleven o'clock they left Brighton for Lewes, arriving before noon and all staying at the Star Hotel. Benjamin said it seemed like old times to be all together again at a hotel. Since they had only one day there, they spent most of it sightseeing. The two chief points of interest were the Castle, built in 1087, standing on the highest point in town and, from one of its two towers, providing a fine view of the country, and the old Priory, once a Catholic monastery. Clara says:

. . .bought several views of the place and a picture of the burning of Richard Woodman and nine other protestants, they were burned directly in front of the Star Hotel the place we stopped, a very old

looking place but quite comfortable, my room there large and quite pleasant.

Benjamin says they had a fair house that evening and took in nearly £ 16.

The next day they went to Hastings, again arriving around noon. Benjamin says they stayed at the Haverlock Hotel, and Clara says at Turner's Hotel. They agree that the married couples and the single girls stayed there, and the single gentlemen found places for themselves. Soon after arriving they visited the Castle of Hastings, according to Clara:

> . . .situated very high above the town, it is very old, they have not the History of it from the time it was built but think probably it was built by the Romans it is very near the sea and commands a fine view of it and the country around. Have rehearsal this P.M. and now directly after am going to mend my Old Folks dress. The house tonight very good take 94 dols.

The next morning right after breakfast Benjamin and Clara took a long walk to what was known as Crusoe's Cave. Benjamin describes it as

> . . .half way up a very high, steep cliff, very near the sea coast. A family formerly lived in it, but the old man and woman died about a year ago, and no one has lived there since. There was a dog and some fowls in the cave when we went.

Clara adds that the cave was "100 ft. above the sea a very romantic place to live." Benjamin continues:

> After visiting that walked about two miles further on the high cliff to "the Lovers' seat" and the "drip-

> ping well." The day was beautiful, and the scenery was beautiful. Passed Fairlight Glen. Saw an old woman down in the glen that had a little shanty built, and had cake and beer to sell. Arrived at the hotel just at dinner time, much pleased with our walk. After the afternoon concert we went down on the beach and found some very pretty shells.

Clara concludes the events of the day, "have good houses take about 175 dols."

On Thursday morning, March 28th, they left Hastings for Tunbridge Wells, where they gave two concerts, "small houses at both," Benjamin notes. In the afternoon, he continues, they "Took a walk about the place. . . . Has not so old a look as the two last places. Crossed a pretty park, where saw many rooks building nests in the trees." In Clara's opinion, Tunbridge Wells was "a very pleasant place, and our rooms first rate the best we have had yet in England."

The next day, which was Good Friday, they left at eight o'clock for London. There, with Mr. and Mrs. McPhail, they took rooms at No. 9 Arundel Street. Benjamin comments on the fact that the stores were all closed as if it were Sunday. They gave no concert that evening, nor were any places of entertainment open. On Saturday they went out to Croyden and gave a concert to a poor house. Clara comments:

> . . .took a walk with Annie and she & Emma bought them Bonnets, bought some flowers & Tarltane and made my turban over. . .did not get home until 12 oclock.

The Crystal Palace

It may be remembered that on the handbill advertis-

ing the Old Folks' Farewell to America at Tremont Temple it was announced that they would sing the same program as at the Crystal Palace, London, on January 28, 1861. Their first concert at the Crystal Palace, as we have seen, was not until Monday, February 25th, however, and on that occasion both Clara and Benjamin were overwhelmed with what they saw. Both recorded their impressions in some detail.

Clara begins:

> . . .left at 10 oclock to go out to Crystal Palace — had hacks to take us all to Depot, and had about ½ hours ride in cars. The Palace I was charmed with, it seemed to me a perfect Paradise much more extensive and beautiful than I had any idea of its being — The grounds outside are most beautifully laid out, finer than any I have ever seen before, fountains, trees and flowers of all descriptions, the grass as green now in February as it is in June at home. There is within the Palace lots of beautiful gardens, specimens of trees and shrubs from all parts of the world, the most beautiful flowers, fountains etc. There is the life of all countries and tribes represented, for instance the natives of a part of Africa had a place assigned them statues like life surrounded by their native trees & stumps, animals etc. There is a representation of Arctic life the ice covering everything, the men in their ice boats catching seals, white polar bears standing upon crags of ice. We had just a walk through the picture gallery which is very extensive and filled with the most beautiful pictures. We had our expenses paid and a nice dinner for singing there in the P.M. but did not have time to see one quarter of the Palace, the

hall we sang in is very large and a hard place to sing, it was packed with people who seemed much pleased with the concert, said there were three thousand to hear us sing. They liked us well enough to hire us again next Friday P.M. pay all expenses and give us 75 dollars. . .

On Friday Benjamin supplements the picture:

There is a very long walk of about three hundred yards I should judge that led us to the Palace. . . . I could not imagine such a beautiful place. It was a mammouth hothouse, each side of the centre being filled with trees, plants, and flowers from all parts of the world. In the centre was the concert room in which we sung, and a very large stage near there, where there was a very large organ. . . .First went through the picture gallery as we only had a hasty glance at it before. Among them there was one "The Desciples at Emmaus" that was beautiful. The price was £ 800. Another, "The Transfiguration" painted in 1780 by Raphael Mengs. Also a very large one representing "The Battle of Waterloo," the price £ 200. Spent considerable time in the further end of the Palace that is partitioned off and kept much warmer than the rest, for the trees and shrubs are from tropical climates. Among them I noticed Bananas, Orange, Bread fruit, Palm, Bamboo and Sugar Cane growing. . . . There is a little pond in the centre of that room in which pond lilies are growing, fishes swimming, and all together it is a little paradise. Went up in one of the towers, the top of which is four hundred and ten steps from the ground. Had an excellent view of the country about there, which is quite thickly settled and the palace

yard in which there are thirteen artificial ponds. Saw many curiosities from China and Japan. The Company hired us to come again next Monday and Friday.

Of that second visit Clara writes:

. . .enjoyed another day there very much, saw many things did not see the day before bought a pair of small lava egg stands. Saw a great display of beautiful goods. . . . Had another good dinner today.

On the following Monday Clara said they had little time to walk around the Palace. She "just went into the gallery and bought some lamp mats when it was time to dress for the concert." There was not as large an audience as there had been the week before. She adds:

Went up after concert into the Upper Hall to hear Limas Reeves, the great English Tenor — heard him sing and had good sight of him — though the Hall was packed they took that one Eve between 6 & 7 hundred dollars.

She also mentions that the group had been offered the opportunity of singing every day during Easter Week for 450 dollars, that most of the class thought it better to accept the offer, but Father Kemp was opposed. On the Friday of that week she notes that the hall was crowded, and that they gave a good concert to the largest house they had yet had in England.

Of their Easter Week engagement at the Crystal Palace Benjamin writes:

Monday commenced singing at the Crystal Palace. Are not singing in the concert room we did before, but are on a platform opposite the organ, and

it seems like singing out doors. Monday there were over seventeen thousand present. In addition to our entertainment there is an organ performance, concert by the Company's band, performance by the Conrad family on tight rope, Mr. Stead in his celebrated jumping song called "The Cure," and Mr. Mackney, Ethiopian delineator, playing of fountains, etc. [Of "The Cure" Clara reports that Mr. Stead jumps "as many as 4 or five hundred jumps while singing it."]

On Tuesday and Wednesday Benjamin says there were not half as many present as on Monday. He adds, "It is tiresome work, and I shall be glad when we get through there." Neither he nor Clara makes any special comment about the next two days, but both report the final performance on Saturday. Clara says:

Went to C.P. at Eleven to rehearse with Mrs. Howard Paul, as she sang two songs during our concert, and the Star Spangled Banner, we singing the Chorus. She is a very fine singer as well as actor, but did not take very well, we heard her in Liverpool.

And on Sunday, April 7th, Benjamin reports:

Quite pleasant weather during the past week. Yesterday finished our engagement at the Crystal Palace, for which we received £ 90. The manager told Mr. Jarrett that our entertainment was liked very much, and we might come back any time we wanted to for the same money. Yesterday sang in the concert room, and Mrs. Howard Paul sung two songs, and "The Star Spangled Banner" dressed as the Goddess of Liberty. Ran into a music stand

> coming off the stage and rather marred the piece. In addition to the other entertainments. . .a Chinese Juggler performed yesterday.

Aside from singing every afternoon at the Crystal Palace during that week, they were not idle in the evenings. On Monday night they sang at Richmond, where Clara says they "hardly made expenses." Tuesday evening they attended a concert in St. James's Upper Hall, which Benjamin enjoyed particularly. He was impressed by the three singers: Miss Augusta Thompson, "who had a very pretty sweet voice and executed beautifully, sang to D in alt."; Mr. George Perren, a fine tenor; and Mr. Wm. Merrick, a good baritone. And he notes that Vieutemps "had two or three violin solos, which were very good indeed." On Wednesday evening they went to St. James's Lower Hall, where they had sung before, to hear the Swiss female singers "dressed in the costume of their country." Thursday they went to hear Christy's Minstrels, with whom both of them were rather disappointed. Benjamin says the best part of the performance was a banjo duet and jig dancing. Friday evening they went to the Surry side to visit an aunt of one of their friends and on the way home passed a large fire, the first they had seen in London. And on Saturday they wound up the week by going to St. James's Theatre to see "The Isle of Tropez." Clara "was not very much pleased," but Benjamin said, "Farce was quite amusing." On Sunday they visited Spurgeon's new Tabernacle, as we have already seen.

North West From London

On Monday, April 8th, a beautiful morning, they left London for Northampton. Benjamin describes the trip:

> Had a beautiful ride of seventy miles through the Country. . .the fields look very green, and the leaves are growing fast and large on many of the trees. It is a pleasant time now to travel, and I trust we shall move along together peaceably, and have a good opportunity to enjoy ourselves. Passed a great many flocks of sheep and lambs feeding in the pastures. Saw several very pretty landscape scenes. . .some of the handsomest fields I ever saw, but the buildings will not compare at all with our own New England ones, being mostly of brick and quite small, the roofs covered with green moss I should think. There are very few, if any, barns, the hay being stacked and cattle staying out of doors. It was quite refreshing to get out in the country and breathe the pure air, after staying in the smoky city of London, yet I hope we shall go there again, as there are a great many places there that I want to see. Arrived here about eleven, all went up to the Corn Exchange where sung last night, and then went out to hunt up rooms. Found two very pretty ones here for which we pay 7sh. for three days and have a fire in it all the time. . . . Had a dividend of £ 2 for ladies and £ 3 for gentlemen.

In writing to his sister Amelia from Leamington, Benjamin says of Northampton:

> It is not a very nice place. . . . Most of the people were lower and common class people. It is queer to us to see people divided off into classes as they are here. There are three classes of Railroad cars or carriages they are called here, first second and third, and at our concerts we have three prices, one shilling, two shillings (50 cents) and three shillings

(75 cents). The big bugs will not come unless they pay a big price and have their seats reserved. We have some of them at every concert and at some a good many. The ladies come dressed in great style and ride in carriages, and come without bonnets on, with hair dressed up prettily. It would not do for them to speak to common people, for they belong to the nobility. That is something we don't see much of at home, and I hope we never shall. Money seems to make the man here. A man's property when he dies goes to the oldest son, and must be kept in the family forever. . . . But to go back to Northampton. It did not seem much like our pretty Northampton in Massachusetts.

The afternoon before they left Northampton all the Old Folks rode around the town in "teams" for an hour. Benjamin notes that "Mr. Charter dressed up in Mr. Field's Yankee suit and went with the driver on the forward coach. Attracted considerable attention."

With Leamington and their accommodations there, both Clara and Benjamin were charmed. Clara says, "find this the cleanest looking town we have yet visited . . .have not had as nice a place to stay before in England." And Benjamin, in the same long letter to his sister Amelia, gives more details:

We are stopping at the neatest prettiest place we have stopped at in England, and it is kept by two little sisters no bigger than you and Jennie. They live all alone here and have the care of the house and everything is just as neat as wax and in the most perfect order of any place I ever saw. Their mother is a widow and lives out, owns the house and they stay here all alone and let the rooms when

> they can. . . . Mr. McPhail and wife and my *wife* and myself are the only ones that stop here. We have a nice sitting-room and each a chamber (each couple I mean). These little girls get our meals and we eat in the sitting-room. The way we do now when we get to a place, all go to the hall, and the ladies wait there while the men go and get themselves rooms. Hotels are not so common here as at home, and what there are, are more expensive, and not so good, but in every town we go in there are plenty of rooms to let, so we take a dollar a day apiece and live on it, which we can do very well and save a little besides.

They gave three concerts in Leamington, one on Friday and two on Saturday, taking in about £45 in all. Saturday was a really big day for them. At ten o'clock fifteen of the Old Folks "took the cars and went to Stratford-on-Avon." They visited Shakespeare's birthplace, which Benjamin found "quite old fashioned, but has been remodelled since he lived there." In the kitchen they registered and both copied the lines written by Lucien Bonaparte:

> The eye of genius listens to admire
> How Memory hails the sound of Shakespear's lyre;
> One tear I'll shed to form a crystal shrine,
> For all that's grand, immortal, and divine.

In the bedroom where Shakespeare was born they both noted that the walls and ceiling were covered with names, among them that of A. A. Lawrence of Boston. At the church they both copied the well-known lines on the grave. They arrived back at Leamington about two o'clock, gave a concert at three, and as soon after as

they could dress, they and the McPhails took a hack to Warwick Castle, with which they were both much impressed.

Clara says:

> I can give but a poor description of this beautiful place. First we went through the gate went into a room within the gate way, and an old woman showed us various relics of the first Earl of Warwick Guy a giant he was 8 ft. 11 in. high, a punch bowl 800 years old and holds 102 gallons, and this old woman had seen it filled and drank three times in one Eve. when the present Earl became of age. She struck it with the flesh fork of Guy (used to take flesh from the pot) to show us that though it was so old there was no crack in it. The noise was like a deep toned bell, it was made of bell metal.

Both describe the passageway to the Castle, cut out of ledge; the red, the cedar, and the gilt drawing rooms; the painting of the Assumption by Raphael, which Benjamin says "was the handsomest painting I ever saw"; the table made of precious stones, worth £10,000; the large marble vase in a little hot house "that holds 163 gallons and is made out of one solid piece of marble, and is over 2000 years old"; and Caesar's Tower, up 135 steps, from which they had a beautiful view of the surrounding country. Clara concludes:

> I think it is the most beautiful residence I was ever in. Got back in season for our dinner at ½ past 6 Mr. Billings came to dinner with us to see our cozy place and the little Fairies our house keepers.

After that they gave their evening concert.

On Monday, April 15th, the Old Folks left Leamington for Birmingham, where they stayed for a week. Clara reports that the day was beautiful and they had a pleasant ride. In the letter written to his sister Amelia on the 17th, Benjamin says:

> We came here to Birmingham Monday morning. It is quite a large smoky place—is as large as Boston. . . . Have given two concerts to very good houses. Had a first rate piece in one of the papers here today. Seven of us are stopping together at a house in a very pleasant part of the City. We have got along very well so far without the Kemp family. Have had a much more pleasant and peaceable time since they left. . . . It is quite warm here now, and trees are leaving out fast. . . . Most every day when we are riding in the cars I see women and girls out picking up little stones just as I used to do with Sherman in the "back piece." I wish I had known it had been women's work then.

On Friday ten of the Old Folks were invited out to a Mr. and Mrs. Watkins's estate. Some went in a carriage Mr. Watkins sent for them, and others in one hired at the hall. The Watkinses were Americans who had lived in Birmingham for about five years. Clara reports:

> They have a very fine place to live nice large rooms handsomely furnished, and in their back yard a little house connected with their carriage house, in which their help lives. . . . We were very kindly treated to cake and wine—a good dinner & tea sent their carriage home with us—their oldest daughter went with us, and dressed in my red dress and bonnet went on the stage with us.

Benjamin adds that Mr. Watkins was in the manufacturing business "employing about three hundred hands," and that they went all over his establishment. He seemed much interested in them.

The following Saturday Benjamin writes:

> We are giving a working-men's concert this evening at reduced prices. Put out ten thousand hand bills this morning. Think we should do a good business to stay here another week. News from America looks dubious. The South Carolinians threaten to fire into Fort Sumpter if it was not surrendered within twenty-four hours. Lincoln is quite sick.

Clara adds that they made a little over "100 dols" at the working-men's concert. She also notes on Sunday:

> Mr. Jarrett talking to-day about writing to great Eastern Company to see if we can get passage home for giving concerts each day wish he could make arrangements for us to go this way.

The following Monday they went to Coventry, where Benjamin says "there were many thousand weavers entirely out of employment, and in a state of starvation." He found some parts of the town quite pretty but much of it "low and poor." They visited two very old churches and the hall where Queen Elizabeth held Parliament. At one of the churches, Clara says, they saw three ladies to whom they tried to give tickets to their concert. Since the ladies weren't staying in town they didn't want the tickets, but one of them did buy two for a friend.

Tuesday morning they were up early to go to Leamington for an afternoon concert, stopping at Kenilworth

on the way. Clara says:

> . . . it is situated in a very romantic place a beautiful stream very near it most of it now in ruins, it was in its time very extensive and grand we went to the top of one of the towers and sang Hail Columbia on the top.

Benjamin adds a vivid note:

> When we got most to the entrance saw several women one after the other come running towards us with hair streaming out behind them, skirts flopping around their ankles with books and views of the castle to sell. They cut very comical figures and seemed very anxious to have us purchase.

Clara continues:

> There was a man killed only a short time before we were there by the falling of some of the stones. Then we went on to L. gave our concert and went to call on the little folks we stopped with when there before, and then came back to C. to give an Eve. concert did not make anything over expenses there.

From Coventry they went to Leicester for two days. There Mr. Fields, their present leader, received word that his little boy was very ill, and he was urged to go home, "throwing the company," as Clara puts it, "into quite an excitement." A meeting was held at which he was finally persuaded to stay until the first of June. The houses in Leicester were very poor, and Clara reports that the lady they stayed with was very kind and treated them both nights they were there.

From Friday to Sunday, April 26th to 28th, they were

in Nottingham, staying with Mr. and Mrs. Nichols and Mr. Jarrett at No. 2, Trinity Terrace. On Sunday Benjamin writes:

> Bad luck seems to attend us now. We have done very *queerly* as the English express it the past week, and especially here. We did not have any stipend yesterday and the company is owing Mr. Nichols the treasurer about eight pounds. This is quite a large place and we had ought to have stayed here a week, and become better known. Mr. Jarrett went to London this afternoon, and whether he will be back again or not, I don't know. We attended church this morning at a Baptist Chapel. Heard an excellent sermon from Matt. 11, 28 & 29. Clara and I took a walk this afternoon around by the old Castle. We go to Derby tomorrow where we stay one week.

On the following Tuesday in Derby Mr. Jarrett came to bid them goodbye. He was to sail for home the next day on the great Eastern. Apparently he was not able to arrange passage home for the company by their giving concerts, as he had hoped.

Twice during the week in Derby, on Wednesday afternoon and again on Friday afternoon, concerts had been announced, but so few came that the tickets were given back. On Sunday Benjamin summed up the week:

> We have lived through the week, and shall be able to get out of this place tomorrow, which is not so bad as might be. Six days out of the past fortnight we have not had any "stipe." Derby is decidedly a dull hole. Business is very dull indeed and I suppose the people have not money to spend for

amusement, or, in fact, for anything else. There are a great many silk factories in the place, many of which are shut up now, and those that are in operation give employment to the hands only about half of the time. The newspapers have given us good pieces and done all they could for us. Friday evening at Mrs. Nichols's benefit there were ten pounds in, and last evening, a working-men's concert when the prices were reduced one-half all over the house, there were between seven and eight pounds. Clara and I attended church at a Baptist Church or Chapel, as all dissenting places of worship are called here. Heard a very interesting historical on the restoration of the Jews to Jerusalem. The singing was horrid. I have not heard decent singing in church since I have been in England. Tomorrow we go to Sheffield where we stay a week, then go to Manchester a week, then to Liverpool. I have had a very good chance to study Phonography since we have been in Derby. Have nearly finished the first Book.

In Sheffield, together with Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, they stayed at No. 149, Brook Place, which Benjamin found after hunting from eleven o'clock until two, and again, after having something to eat, until four. Clara says that "though the rooms are quite pleasant, the people are rather suspicious looking." She does not write in her journal from Monday until Friday, and then records very poor houses. On Sunday she says they did not go to church, "Mr. C. not well." "Mr. C." does not say he has not been well, but his entries for the week show that he is having difficulty in overcoming his discouragement. On Thursday, May 9th, he writes:

> We left Derby Monday morning with a feeling of pleasure, thinking we were in just as poor, miserable, forsaken a place as we could be; but hard luck seems to follow us, and here we have not taken enough to give us a stipend a single night so far. This makes us feel rather homesick, and think of the privileges and comforts we enjoyed in New England. . . . The American news is quite startling. Both sections of the country are making active preparation for war.

And on the following Sunday:

> We have finished our engagement in Sheffield. Have had stipend only two days. Yesterday we distributed ten thousand bills for the working men's concert last evening, at which the prices were reduced one half. I have not been about much here—stayed in the house and studied phonography. . . . Sheffield is a dirty smoky place as far as I have seen. There is a great deal of Cutlery manufactured here. Tomorrow we go to Manchester where we stay one week. Mr. Peacock hires us, pays all our expenses except our board, and gives us one-half the receipts. Trust we shall do better there.

That evening, according to Clara, they were invited down to the kitchen and found that Mr. Morton (perhaps their landlord) was employed at Rogers & Sons Cutlery Manufactory. He invited them to visit the factory, and accordingly, they stayed over for a later train than that which the other Old Folks took for Manchester. Clara was fascinated by what she saw:

> . . . one knife only an inch long with over 300 blades would require a magnifying glass to see

them all, saw one with 1861 blades a dangerous looking weapon to handle and every year they add one more—also saw the knife which drew the prize both at the London & New York worlds fairs—containing several hundred blades, on some of which were beautifully engraved different views, saw one of the White House Washington among them, these knives can all be closed in their jack knife case as smoothly as any jack knife and are a very great curiosity—we went into the manufacturing part where they were cutting the ivory, in one place they were making gold mounted knives very handsome, and as we had a chance to get some at wholesale price did so, and felt well paid for stopping.

Benjamin adds:

We bought a set of ivory handled knives and forks for which we paid a pound.

The handbill announcing their engagement in Manchester does not bear Father Kemp's name. In large type it reads:

FREE TRADE HALL

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY
commencing on
MONDAY, MAY 13, 1861
"THE LATEST SENSATION"
The
O L D
F O L K S
From America

After special mention of Emma J. Nichols there follows

> EXPLANATORY NOTE TO THE PUBLIC
>
> In order to correct an erroneous impression, the Management would state that the "Old Folks" claim no affinity with the Ethiopian Minstrelsy of the present day, they being a Musical organization composed of Twenty-five Ladies and Gentlemen, selected from the "PHILHARMONIC" and "HANDEL and HAYDN" associations of Boston, America; appearing with NATURAL FACES, and in Costumes worn One Hundred Years ago in that country, and sing the fervent style of Music sung by their Ancestors at the same period. They also give a Second Part, consisting of Secular, Vocal, and Instrumental Music, Songs, Glees, Patriotic Airs, and Anthems of all nations.

The full program, with the performers of each selection, follows. Between Parts I and II comes the "Introduction of the American Characters to the Audience by the Leader." The last number on the program, preceding "The Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save the Queen" is a Quartet "Come where my Love lies dreaming," sung by Nichols, Fininly, Ryder, and *Conant*. The concerts are to begin at eight o'clock, reserved seats are two shillings, the "body of the room" one shilling.

After two days in Manchester Benjamin writes:

> The weather is very fine today. The warmest day

> we have had for some time. We have given two concerts in Free Trade Hall. . . . We have taken enough the two nights to pay us each our stipend. . . . Clara received letters from home today. The country is all up in arms and very wide awake. There seems to be but one mind in the North now, and that is Union.

Again at the end of the week both he and Clara report disappointingly small houses. On Saturday they visited the Smithfield Market, described by Clara as

> . . . a very large building with glass top and altogether too good for its contents for I never saw such a confused place no order but every kind of dirty merchandise I ever saw, old clothes and the like and thousands of dirty looking creatures buying & selling.

Benjamin reports that at their last concert that evening they took in "less than twenty pounds . . . instead of eighty as we had hoped to have." And Clara adds: ". . . have now given up all hope of doing anything in Eng."

On Sunday they attended a Baptist Chapel. After tea, Clara writes:

> . . . went to walk, and never in my life saw such street sights. Every St. we came to seemed thronged with poor dirty ragged creatures many of them drunk, both men and women think we saw where we walked more than 20,000 and suppose it was the same over most of the city.

The next day, Monday, May 20th, they left Manchester for Liverpool.

There is a gap in Benjamin's journal from May 19th

until June 2nd. Then at No. 20 Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool, he writes:

> We have been in Liverpool just two weeks during which time we have sung in Concert Hall, with the exception of one evening (a week ago last Friday) when we sung in St. George's Hall. Our houses have been growing smaller and smaller instead of better. In Manchester where we expected to have good houses, we had less than four shillings per day, and here where we had the hall for nothing (except singing one evening) we did not receive anything for a week. We have procured our tickets and are going home on the steamer City of Baltimore that sails next Wednesday. Eleven are going on that Steamer, and nine on the Ship Lydia Skolfield that is expected to sail this evening. Gave our last concert in England last evening. Had nearly eighteen pounds in which was the largest house for us that we have sung to for a long time.

Clara reports a pleasant ride from Manchester to Liverpool and says she likes Liverpool as well as any place they have been in. For the two weeks she reports little but walking and the constantly diminishing houses. She does mention that the sailing of the Lydia Skolfield for Boston was put off several times because of bad winds. The last entry in her journal is on Sunday, June 2nd:

> Went this morning to hear Rev. H. Stowell Brown, a celebrated Baptist Divine his text—Acts 8th from 25 to 34 verses inclusive—was much interested, but he did not finish his subject today—fellows have not gone yet on account of wind.

She has nothing to say about the homeward voyage.

Homeward Bound

The last nine pages of Benjamin's journal are introduced by the heading: "The following is a copy of what I wrote on board the Steamer 'City of Baltimore' on our passage from Liverpool to New York." Excerpts from those pages need no further comment.

> Wednesday, June 5, 7½ o'clock P.M. we left Liverpool at four this afternoon in a little *Tender* that conveyed us to the Steamer "City of Baltimore" which started soon after we came on board. Our pilot left in a boat about six o'clk. at which time we had supper, when I ate quite heartily. The wind is blowing pretty strong from the North. . . .
>
> Thursday, 1 P.M. . . . Did not go to breakfast this morning. Have just been down to lunch. We are just going into Queenstown harbor. It is said to be the best one in the world. It is but a short distance from one point of land to the other at the entrance, and on either side there is a fort. Just passed a little island on which are old ruins covered with moss or ivy. The hills on all sides of us are covered with trees, and the scenery is quite different from what it was when we were here last January.
>
> Thursday, 5 P.M. We left Queenstown about half past three; took on board about a hundred steerage passengers . . . some bare-headed, many very ragged and dirty, some cripples, and some poor old women who looked as though they were just ready to step into their graves. The man who appeared to have the management of the tender was not in a very pleasant mood, judging from the manner in

which he spoke to and handled the old women and others who appeared so frightened and excited they did not know which way to move or what they were about. After the passengers were all safely on board the steamer, then came the transferring of the luggage from the tender to the Steamer . . . when a box, bundle or bed came up, the passengers would crowd around the gangway to claim their property, and not unfrequently there were two or three owners would appear for some articles, when a little squabbling scene would ensue which terminated in the strongest "being the best feller." As one of the beds came up, the straw began to fly about the ship, and one of the officers took it and threw it into the water out of the way. . . .

Saturday, June 8, 11 o'clock. Laid in my bunk nearly all day yesterday. Was not very sick but felt more comfortable there than on deck. At nine last evening Clara and I got up and stayed an hour or more. The sea was perfectly calm then, and we enjoyed the hour very much, as we had never seen the ocean as still before. . . . Got up this morning at half past eight, and have been on deck ever since. The wind is nearly west, so we have to go altogether by steam. . . .

Sunday, June 9, 4 P.M. . . . There were services in the Cabin this morning at half past ten, and also on deck at two this afternoon. A man said to be an Israelite addressed us. He took his text from Rev. I, viii; spoke about twenty minutes on the coming of Christ. The wind is still ahead and there are no sails spread. Heavy swell to the sea. Do not feel well enough to go down to dinner today.

Monday, 10th, 5 P.M. Ate a little dinner yesterday up on deck. The Purser sent Clara and myself up some plum pudding, which tasted very good. . . . Got up this morning at half past ten and shaved me after a fashion. It was quite dark in my state room, and the motion of the ship rendered it rather disagreeable. Cut me only twice, and considered myself lucky at that. . . . Went down to lunch, also to dinner, and ate with good relish. Wind still continues ahead.

Tuesday, June 11th, 1 o'clock. The weather still continues calm. Last night we passed a school of porpoises, several of which came up in sight. This morning just after breakfast, saw a whale spouting not far from the ship; it came up in sight once or twice. . . . I am feeling better today than any day yet. Were half way home early this morning. . . .

Wednesday, June 12, 12 o'clock. . . . Yesterday while we were eating dinner, notice came that an iceberg was in sight, and on looking out of the Cabin window, saw a little speck off in the distance. . . . After dinner went on deck and saw several before night. There was one very large one that we passed within six or eight miles, of which the officers took the height, and found it to be over three hundred and fifty feet high. It looked like a mountain to us in the distance. One of the officers said this morning that they passed ninety-five in the night. They were obliged to change the course of the vessel several times to avoid them. There were six men on the forward deck, and one man on the mast head on the lookout all the time during the night.

When I went on deck this morning, there were a dozen in sight, some of which were near and afforded us a good opportunity to see them. This morning at half past ten we entered a dense fog in which we have been ever since. It is so they cannot see the length of the ship ahead. They are going at a slower rate and blow the whistle every minute. Have just stopped and sounded and found fifty-three fathoms of water. More anxiety is felt than before the fog. Am feeling well and have been in the Cabin most of the time to-day. It is quite raw and cold on deck.

Thursday, June 13, 2 P.M. A thick heavy fog continued all the remainder of the day yesterday, with the exception of a few minutes between four and five, at which time no icebergs were to be seen, although the Captain said he did not feel sure that we were clear of them. He said it was a very anxious time with them, but they were doing all they could; he had two men on their knees and three others standing at the bow of the vessel, one man at the mast head, and men stationed all the way along the ship; that there was an over-ruling Providence, and we were all in His hands, and feeling this, and doing the best they could, must know no such thing as fear. . . .

Friday, June 14th, 3 P.M. Dense fog continued all day yesterday. Every little while during the afternoon it would have the appearance of clearing off, only to thicken up again. . . . Got up this morning a little past ten, when I found the sun shining brightly, and the fog disappeared. Have felt quite well and been on deck about all the time since

rising. We have seen several sails, one vessel coming so near that we could see people on deck. Are less than six hundred miles from New York.

Saturday, June 15th, 3 P.M. Had a beautiful day yesterday. It was very pleasant all day, and the sea calm and beautiful. Sunset was magnificent. . . .

Sunday, June 16, 6 P.M. There was a pretty strong wind all yesterday afternoon which continued all night and till about three this afternoon. I went to bed at six last night and did not get up till three to-day, on account of the strong wind which made the ship rock. I did not lay abed all that time because I was sea sick, but there was no knowing what might *turn up,* should I attempt to rise. Went down from deck to dinner, and managed to stay till it was over, with some difficulty. Just as dinner was over, it was announced that *land* was in sight, which was joyful news to us all. Long Island is now in view for quite a long distance, and we shall probably be in New York early in the morning.

Monday, 17th, 8 A.M. We are now anchored in North River, about half way between New York and Jersey City. . . . I did not sleep much during the night being excited and overjoyed at arriving safely to our native land. Got up this morning at four and cleaned up a little and went on deck. What a beautiful sight there was all around us! We were quite near Staten Island, and the sun had just risen and everything about us seemed beautiful. The air seemed fresher than it ever did before, coming to us as it did from the Country, and *America* too. We are here safe thank Heaven and in

twenty four hours hope to be at home. . . .

The last page of the journal, dated June 20th, Thursday, South Reading, brings to a fitting close the Old Folks' Honeymoon:

> We landed at the passenger landing in New York about half past eight Monday morning, when our baggage was all inspected by the Custom House Officers, when we sent it up to the 27th Street Station. Clara and I walked up Broadway as far as Fulton Street when old recollections of Fulton Market induced us to go and try some of the excellent oysters to be had there. After that we took the Horse Cars and rode up to Central Park, where we spent about an hour, when we returned to the depot and left in the 3.15 train for Boston. The ride was a beautiful one, and we enjoyed it much. It seemed to me that I never saw trees grass and flowers look so fresh and lovely. We arrived in Boston about twelve, stopped at the Hancock House, and at seven Tuesday morning came out here. Found all friends well and ready to welcome us home. Weather seems quite warm; quite a change from what we have had for some time past. Last evening went fishing with John, when we caught enough for a breakfast; two eels among the number. Saturday Clara and I are going to Littleton to stop for a while on a visit.

Postlude

Some time after their Old Folks' experience, Benjamin, in partnership with Clara's brother John, established the Conant & Newhall printing business in Boston. They made their home in Cambridgeport,

where, in a diary of 1866, Clara records that at an evening meeting on April 24th they were both accepted as members of the Broadway Baptist Church, Clara by letter and Benjamin by baptism on June 3rd in the Charles River. They both sang in the choir at the church, and Benjamin was for many years the choir master. When they moved to Arlington in 1886, they were presented by the church with a beautiful and unusual silver service. The foxes adorning the covers of the sugar bowl and the tea and coffee pots were admired by their descendants to the third and fourth generations.

Three daughters were born to them: Flora Maria on November 10th, 1863, who died on April 29th, 1871; Daisy Adelle on May 31st, 1872, who lived until January 4th, 1969; and Emily Kimball on October 6th, 1874, who lived only two months.

Moving to Arlington when Daisy was fourteen, they lived first on Academy Street and later, after Daisy's marriage in 1891 to J. Howell Crosby, on Mystic Street, next door to their daughter. They became members of the Arlington First Baptist Church, of which Benjamin was later a deacon. At their home on Mystic Street, Clara died on April 28th, 1905, and Benjamin ten years later on June 12th, 1915, having made the daily trip into Boston to his printing office until two weeks before his death.

At the time of Flora's death, they had purchased, with close neighbors and friends, a lot in the Cambridge Cemetery on Coolidge Avenue. There they are buried with the two daughters who died before them and whose graves were marked, as I well remember from frequent visits to the cemetery with Benjamin, my grandfather, "Dear Little Flora" and "Baby Emmy."

PART III

A MOTHER'S IMAGE

A MOTHER'S IMAGE

Daisy A. Crosby, the daughter of Benjamin and Clara Newhall Conant, disliked her name. Cows were too often called Daisy, but she preferred that to her middle name, Adelle, which she rarely used. Married when she was nineteen to J. Howell Crosby, a market gardener of Arlington, Massachusetts, she bore him four daughters, the first when she was twenty, the fourth when she was thirty. She was young enough to enter into the spirit of our games when we were children; but, since she had never been exposed to the psychology of permissiveness, we, her daughters, early learned the meaning of obedience. As we grew up, her relation to us was more and more that of an elder sister and companion, and when we five were together, the years between us disappeared.

Attempting to portray her as a mother for more than seventy-six years may be likened to seeing her image reflected in a triple mirror. The first mirror is "A Brief History 1891–1916," which Mother presented to Father on their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. A black, leather-bound notebook, it contained portraits of Mother and Father taken in the year of their marriage, other family pictures and snapshots, and a brief notation of events for each month of the twenty-five years of their marriage. Father was so pleased with the record that he urged her to continue it. She did for the next twenty years up to his death in 1936. Then she said the story was no longer theirs but ours, their daughters'. The

second mirror is a series of diaries which Mother kept, more or less completely, for the next twenty years, ending on December 8, 1957, the day before her sixty-sixth wedding anniversary. The third mirror, which fills in the image, is the volume of memories she left to us, her daughters.

Childhood Relations

An early entry in "A Brief History" records an incident before I was born which vividly pictures some of Mother's trials when we were small. For January, 1895, when Helen was not quite two and a half and Phyllis was fourteen months old, Mother wrote:

> Helen locked herself and Phyllis in their room and said, when I asked her what baby was doing, "Eating pins."

Helen had bolted the door of their room and was then unable to unlock it. While Father had gone to his father's for a long ladder to reach the window, Mother, from the other side of the door, asked the question of Helen. She had given Phyllis a pin cushion to play with. Mother said, "Take every pin away from her." "Awight," Helen answered. For that same month Mother wrote:

> Phyllis began to walk. Helen burnt both hands, and made a hole in her forehead by falling against the corner of the couch—both in one day.

Among my earliest memories of Mother are the songs and verse stories with which she used to amuse us. Some of them are well-known in other versions, but those she learned from her mother she wrote down from memory in her later years. The two songs we best remember were "Baby Bye" and "The Frog Who Would a-Wooing Ride." "Baby Bye" was certainly composed before the days when Mother would give us a cent for

Mother with Phyllis (1894)

every ten flies we killed, and long before the invention of toxic sprays. Here it is:

Baby Bye

Baby bye, here's a fly. Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls up the walls. Yet he never falls.
I believe, with those six legs, you and I could walk on eggs.
There he goes on his toes, tickling baby's nose.

Spots of red dot his head. Rainbows on his wings are spread.
That small speck is his neck, See him nod and beck.
I can show you, if you choose, where to look to find his shoes,
Three small pairs, made of hairs, these he always wears.

Black and brown is his gown. He can wear it upside down.
It is laced round his waist. I admire his taste.
Pretty as his clothes are made, he will spoil them, I'm afraid,
If tonight he gets sight of the candle light.

In the sun webs are spun. What if he gets into one.
When it rains, he complains on the window panes.
Flies can see more than we, so how bright their eyes must be.
Little fly mind your eye. Spiders are nearby.
For a secret I can tell, spiders will not treat you well,
So I say, heed your way. Little fly, good day.

The other song, about the frog, was one which Samuel Rugg used to sing to his granddaughter Clara and she, in turn, to our mother. I have described that elsewhere.*

*In *I Was a Summer Boarder* (Boston: The Christopher Publishing House, 1966), pp. 62–64.

In addition to " 'Twas the Night Before Christmas," which Mother always recited to us when we went to bed on Christmas Eve, there were three other verse stories that we asked for over and over again: "The Little Brown Mouse," "The Three Little Pigs," and "Little Dame Fidget." They are here, as she wrote them from memory.

The Little Brown Mouse

I'm only a little brown mouse
  Who lives in somebody's house
And in that same house there's a cat
  But ho! ho! what care I for that?
When she sits in the sunlight
  And laps her soft paws
With one eye on me and one on her claws
  How she watches the crack
Where she sees my brown back
  But she'll never catch me
For ho! ho! don't you see
  I'm the smartest young mouse
That lives in somebody's house.
I'm only a little brown mouse
  That lives in somebody's house
And in that same house there's Rover
  He's chased me fairly the whole house over.
  There, too, is fat Baby Tim
But ho! ho! what care I for him?
  When he sprawls on the carpet
And bumps his pink nose
  I scamper about him and tickle his toes.
Ho! ho! how he laughs and he crows
  For he knows
I'm only a little brown mouse

That lives in his grandmother's house.

I'm only a little brown mouse
That lives in somebody's house.
And in that same house there's a clock
That goes tick-a-tock-tick-a-tock.
One night I was sitting just over the clock
When it gave such a terrible knock
With a whirring and whizzing and buzzing and fizzing
That I tumbled head-long from my perch
On the shelf
And scampering wildly, I crowded myself
Right under the door, through such a small crack
That it scraped all the hairs off the top of my back

Oh! I am the smartest young mouse
That lives anywhere in the house.
I love toasted cheese and pieces of bread
And nice bits of paper to make a soft bed
Oh! I tell you it's nice to be one of the mice
And when the night comes and folks are in bed
To rattle and race on the floor overhead.
And say, don't you wish you could run up a wall
As I do every day without getting a fall?
And don't you wish you were a mouse
Living in somebody's house?

Three Little Pigs

Ah! very, very poor was she
Old Dame Pig, with her Children three.
Robust, beautiful ones were those three sons
Each wearing without fail
A fanciful knot in his tail.

But never enough of sour or sweet
Had they to eat
And so one day with a pitiful squeak, did the mother speak,
"My sons, your fortune you must seek."
And out in the world as they were sent
The three pigs went.
Each bearing without fail
The fanciful knot in his tail.

Trotting along the first one saw a man who carried a bundle of straw.
"Give me some straw for a house and bed," the little pig said.
Straightway, without even waiting a bit
The kind man did as he was bid
And the little pig built a house of it.

But he could no more than get in before
A wolf came along and knocked at the door
Tap-tap and cried, "Little pig let me come in."
"No," said the pig, "by the hair on my chinny-chin-chin."
"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in."
So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in
And he ate up that poor little pig.

Then the second little pig set out and when he met two men
Who bore on their shoulders bunches of firs,
Said he, "My kind sirs, will you please give me those firs?"
They gave them freely, and the little pig built a house of them

But he was scarcely in before
The wolf came along and knocked at his door,
Tap-tap and cried, "Little pig, let me come in."
"No! No!" said the pig, "by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin."
"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in."
So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in,
And he ate up that poor little pig.

Then the third little pig set out,
With his curly tail and his saucy snout,
Up to all kinds of pranks and tricks,
And he met a man with a load of bricks.
By his begging he got them every one
And in a trice the house was begun
And very shortly the house was done
All plastered snug and nice.

But he could no more than get in before
The very same wolf as before came along and thumped at his door,
Thump-thump! and cried
"Little pig, Little pig, let me come in."
"No! No!" said the pig, "by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin."
"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in."
He was fierce and big and he huffed and he puffed
But with all his huffing and all his puffing
The house would not fall in.

And so despite his appetite
He was forced to go without ever a bite

And for once at least he was cheated out
Of the little pig with the saucy snout.

But "I know where the turnips grow plenty and sweet,"
In a winsome voice said he
And the wise little pig from where he sat
Peered out and smiled "Where's that?"
"Over at Smith's field. Will you go with me tomorrow at six?"
"Yes," pig replied but as early as five
Next morn he was off to the turnip field.
They were plenty and sweet, and he ate of them all that he cared to eat
And took enough for his dinner beside.

The wolf came promptly at six o'clock,
Gave a friendly knock and said,
"Are you ready to go?" "Why, I'd have you know
I've already been and beside, I've enough for my dinner," the pig replied.

The wolf saw then he was cheated again.
But "I know where there's a lovely apple tree,"
In a winsome voice said he.
And the wise little pig from where he sat,
Peered out and smiled, "Where's that?"
"At the Merry Gardens. If you'll be fair
And it's pleasant weather, shall we go together
Tomorrow at five?" "Yes," pig replied.
But as early as four next morn he was off through the early dew to the apple tree.

But the apple tree proved to be
Twice as far as he thought it would be.
He climbed the boughs in the greatest haste

And said to himself, "I'll only taste
As a bit of a lunch." But soon crunch, crunch,
He had swallowed a score.
And what should be see down under the tree,
But the big grey wolf—yes, there he stood
Trying to look as meek as he could,
And he said, "Little pig, are the apples good?"

Piggy thought he would fall from the place where he sat
So hard his little heart went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat.
But he answered, "The nicest under the sun. I'll throw down one."
The wolf ran after it as he threw it, and before he knew it
The pig was out of the tree, and as fast
As his four little feet could scamper, he fled
While after him sped the wolf, with savage voice and face.
He was long and slim, but the little pig proved too swift for him.

Yet he came again the very next day to the little pig's door
And said, "Will you go to the Shanklin Fair with me?
Be ready and we will start at three."

But the pig, as he had always done,
Got the start of the wolf and went at one.
At the fair he bought a churn
And set out with it to return,
When the very first one he met on the street
Was the wolf and it frightened him dreadfully.
So he crept inside his churn to hide.

It began to roll and he began to ride.
Around and around he passed the wolf
With a bump and a bound.
He was frightened worse than he'd frightened the pig
By the funny rumbling rig.
And he fled in dismay far out of his own and the little pig's way.

And yet in due time he came again to the little pig's door
And such a woeful look as his visage wore
As he told of the beast that bumped and bounded and rolled
Up hill and down hill and everywhere
And chased him away from the Shanklin Fair.

Then the little pig laughed outright
And said, "How would you like to learn
That it was a churn and that I was in the churn?"
Then the wolf exclaimed, "I hate your tricks—
Your bolted door and your house of bricks.
I'll eat you anyway, that I'll do.
I'll come down the chimney after you."

But the pig built a fire high and hot
And filled with water his dinner pot
And just as the wolf came down the flue
Scraping his ribs as he slipped along through,
What did pig do but lift the cover and let him fall
Into the pot. What next he did was to slide the lid
Quickly over the pot. "It's boiling hot," he cried in glee.
"It will may be cook him and may be not.
At any rate I'll let him be, and when it's dinner time, I'll see."

That day he dined quite to his mind
And said to himself, "I'm half inclined
To think, by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin,
That this is the best way to take wolves in."

Little Dame Fidget

A wee, wee woman was little Dame Fidget
And she lived by herself in a wee, wee room,
And early every morning, so tidy was her habit,
She used to sweep it out with a wee, wee broom.

To sweep for the cinders, though never were there any,
She whisked about and brushed about, humming like a bee,
When odd enough one day she found a silver penny
Shining in the corner as bright as bright could be.

She eyed it. She took it between her thumb and finger.
She put it in the sugar bowl and quickly shut the lid.
And after planning and planning how to spend it,
She resolved to go to market and buy herself a kid.

And that she did next day, but ah! the kid proved lazy
And moved toward home so slowly, she could scarcely see it crawl.
At first Dame Fidget petted it and then she stormed and scolded
Till at last, when they reached the bridge, it wouldn't go at all.

Just then Dame Fidget saw a dog run by and she called

"Pray dog bite kid. Kid won't go.
I see by the moonlight it's getting past midnight
And time kid and I were home half an hour ago."

The dog only barked, so she called upon a stick,
"Pray stick beat dog. Dog won't bite kid and kid won't go.
I see by the moonlight, it's getting past midnight
And time kid and I were home half an hour ago."

The stick only swayed, so she called upon the fire.
"Pray fire burn stick. Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite kid and kid won't go.
I see by the moonlight, it's getting past midnight
And time kid and I were home over an hour ago."

The fire only crackled, so she called upon the water.
"Pray water quench fire. Fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog. Dog won't bite kid and kid won't go.
I see by the moonlight it's getting past midnight
And time kid and I were home over an hour ago."

The water only gurgled, so she called upon the ox.
"Pray ox drink water. Water won't quench fire.
Fire won't burn stick. Stick won't beat dog.
Dog won't bite kid and kid won't go.
I see by the moonlight it's long after midnight
And time kid and I were home over an hour ago."

The ox bellowed "No!" So she called upon the butcher.
"Pray butcher kill ox. Ox won't drink water.
Water won't quench fire. Fire won't burn stick.
Stick won't beat dog. Dog won't bite kid and kid won't go.

I see by the moonlight it's long after midnight
And time kid and I were home over an hour ago."

The butcher only laughed at her, so to the rope she hurried.
"Pray rope hang butcher. Butcher won't kill ox.
Ox won't drink water. Water won't quench fire.
Fire won't burn stick. Stick won't beat dog.
Dog won't bite kid and kid won't go.
I see by the moonlight it's long past midnight
And time kid and I were home a couple of hours ago."

The rope only swayed. So she called upon the rat.
"Pray rat gnaw rope. Rope won't hang butcher.
Butcher won't kill ox. Ox won't drink water.
Water won't quench fire. Fire won't burn stick.
Stick won't beat dog. Dog won't bite kid and kid won't go.
I see by the moonlight, it's long past midnight
And time kid and I were home a couple of hours ago."

The rat only squeaked. So she called upon the cat.
"Pray cat eat rat. Rat won't gnaw rope.
Rope won't hang butcher. Butcher won't kill ox.
Ox won't drink water. Water won't quench fire.
Fire won't burn stick. Stick won't beat dog.
Dog won't bite kid and kid won't go.
I see by the moonlight, it's long after midnight
And time kid and I were home hours and hours ago."

Now pussy loved a rat. So she seized him in a minute.
The cat began to eat the rat.

The rat began to gnaw the rope.
The rope began to hang the butcher.
The butcher began to kill the ox.
The ox began to drink the water.
The water began to quench the fire.
The fire began to burn the stick.
The stick began to beat the dog.
The dog began to bite the kid.
And the kid began to go.
And home through the moonlight, long after midnight,
The Little Dame and her kid went trudging—
Oh! so slow—

More often than the verse stories, however, we asked for those we knew so well which began, "When I was a little girl—" Mother's childhood was spent in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She told us that until she saw what fun we four girls had together, she never knew what she had missed by growing up as an only child. Her father was always ready to play with her and enter into her fun. But her mother constantly worried about her and said she never knew in what condition Daisy would come home. Perhaps there was some cause for her worry. Mother was always having things happen to her. She was once bitten by a dog when on a vacation in New London, New Hampshire, and knocked herself out at Wellfleet on Cape Cod by starting to run down a sand dune, going so fast she couldn't stop, and landing face down on the beach with such force that the impression of her body was still there the next day. She remembered nothing from the time she started to run until she woke up in bed several hours later. The two stories we asked for most often were those that follow.

Pig Pen

The summer I was five years old I went with my mother to visit my Aunt Mary and Uncle Wheelock on their farm in Barre, Vermont. The farm was on top of a hill a mile and a half from the station. And there was a big red barn in which people who had walked up the hill sometimes stopped to rest. Behind the barn was a fenced-in pen where lived a big old pig who fascinated me. Sometimes I watched my Uncle Wheelock feed the pig and scratch his back with a long stick. That made the pig screw up his eyes and look very happy.

One Sunday afternoon my mother had dressed me carefully in a new light yellow gingham dress with little black figures on it and cautioned me to keep it clean. Then all the grown-ups went for their Sunday afternoon naps and I was free to entertain myself. It was a lovely day. I wandered around the dooryard and then went to the barn, being very careful to keep my new dress away from anything that might get it dirty. After going through the barn, I came to the pig pen. The old pig was snoozing in the sun. I knew it would make him happy to have his back scratched. I looked around and found a stick I thought would be long enough. Then I saw a big log outside the fence of the pen. If I stood on that I was sure I could reach the pig. Holding on to the fence with one hand and clutching the stick in the other, I climbed up on the log. Now standing on tip toe and half balancing on my stomach on top of the fence, I reached over with the stick and had just touched the pig when the log tilted, I lost my balance on the fence, and over I went head first into the pen. I screamed for help, but no one heard me. The pig, as frightened as I was, ran to the other side of the pen. Finally I picked

Daisy A. Conant at five years old

myself up, and covered with black muck from head to foot, made my way over the fence and back to the house, my tears making two streaks of white through the black of my face, and my pretty new gingham dress pretty and new no longer. My mother, wakened by hearing my loud cries, met me at the top of the stairs, gasped, and said, "Daisy Conant, where have you been?"

"I – just – wanted – to – scratch – the – old – pig's back," I sobbed, "and – I – fell – right – into – the pig pen. And – my – new – dress – is – all – dirty."

"Well," said my mother, "the only thing to do is to give you a bath and put you to bed. You can have some bread and milk for supper later on."

So, after a bath, I was put to bed, and to my surprise went to sleep. When I woke up it was dark, and by the lamp light my mother was packing up our things. A telegram had come saying that my father was very sick, and we were to take the first train back to Boston in the morning. My mother was so worried about my father, who recovered after a serious illness, that she said no more about my adventure in the pig pen.

Turtle

One summer morning when my mother and father and I were visiting my Grandmother and Grandfather Conant in Littleton, as we often did, my grandfather took us out for a ride. All at once, along the side of the road, I spied a turtle, and always eager for any animal pet I could find, I begged my grandfather to get him for me. He obligingly stopped the horse, got out, and captured the turtle, which was so lively that Grandpa had to keep his foot on him all the way home. It was dinner time when we arrived, and temporarily Grandpa put the turtle with a little water in a big wash tub out

by the back steps. I could hardly eat any dinner I was so excited.

After dinner when my father and grandfather had gone off to the upper field and my mother and grandmother were clearing up the dishes, I rushed out to look at my turtle. He didn't seem happy in the wash tub, so I took him up in my hands and examined him. He looked right at me, squinted up his eyes and seemed to be making faces at me. So I began to make faces at him. I squinted up my eyes and stuck out my tongue, and as we had fun making faces at each other, I kept holding him a little closer and closer to my face. All of a sudden, his head darted out, and he grabbed the end of my tongue and hung on. I screamed and just stood there with the turtle on my tongue and streams of blood running to the ground. My mother and grandmother came rushing out of the house and didn't know what to do. My mother took hold of the turtle, but he wouldn't let go, and she didn't dare pull. At last she found a big rock and thumped on his shell. He finally let go. By that time my father and grandfather, who had heard my screams in the upper field, had reached the house. Mother took me in and had me rinse my mouth with arnica and water and then clear arnica. And [the story always ended] the next day my tongue wasn't sore a bit.

After her tongue felt better, Mother said, she went out and hunted for the turtle, but she never found him. The experience didn't end her interest in turtles, however, and she had many more for pets after that, as did we, her children.

In addition to the stories she told us, Mother often read to us. On Sunday nights she always read a chapter from the Bible, we recited the twenty-third and one

hundred and twenty-first Psalms, and then sang all the verses of "Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me." From the time we were very small, we went to church and Sunday School, often taking a nap with our heads in Mother's lap, sometimes one on each side of her, during the sermon.

Besides telling or reading us stories, there were other ways in which Mother entertained us when we were children. She had very long, thick brown hair, not curly but rather crinkly, with a slight auburn tint, which she used to wear in a braided coronet on top of her head. When she was combing it in the morning, she would throw it over her face as she bent towards the floor. One of our delights when we were very small was to run through it as she combed it, which probably did not help her in removing the tangles. On many pleasant afternoons she would take us for a ride in the carry-all with the horse, Belle. Or on rainy days she might join us in hide-and-go-seek or in a game one of my sisters named "martin' a mart," or marching a march, when Mother played the piano and we and any friends with us marched all around the lower floor of the house.

But even though Mother usually had a "girl"—a long series of girls—to help her with the housework, she naturally had other things to do than entertain us. And when the weather prevented us from playing out-of-doors, we were quite able to make fun for ourselves. We might lay all the dining-room chairs on the floor to make rooms when we played house, or upset the parlor by piling pillows in one big armchair to make a stage coach, with the piano stool and other chairs for horses. Or we might play all kinds of games on the carpeted front stairs and almost always came down stairs by sliding down the polished mahogany banister with a

lovely curve at the end that let us off gently. On hot summer afternoons a favorite game was letting cold water into the large old tin bathtub, soaping the end, and sliding down it with a splash into the water. Mother never interfered with any of these games, or with our trips to the attic when we dressed up in old clothes packed away in trunks up there. If, however, our chosen forms of entertainment seemed to her dangerous, she did interfere, as when Helen and Phyllis were amusing themselves by running under the horse, Belle, or Evelyn, at age three, was found astride the ridgepole of the barn. On special occasions she was always ready to help us entertain our friends. For June, 1901, when Helen and Phyllis were eight and seven, she noted in "A Brief History":

> The 5th the children had a picnic in the woods inviting their classes in school.

It was, of course, Mother's responsibility to see that all went well at the picnic.

With all the freedom we were given, there were rules we had to observe. Until we were twelve, we had our supper early and went to bed by six o'clock or soon after. On Saturday nights, when we had our baths, we had supper upstairs afterwards, a special treat. When, on rare occasions I had difficulty in going to sleep, I remember going to the head of the stairs and calling, "Mama, I can't go to sleep. Will you please play 'Sweet and Low.'" Mother would play it through two or three times, and I was asleep before I knew it. Since we went to bed early, we naturally woke up early, but we were not allowed to get up before five-thirty, except on the Fourth of July and Christmas. Then as a special privilege the hour was four-thirty. I never remember questioning

these rules.

In the summer of 1897, Mother and Father first went to board at Miss Locke's in the Sunday River Valley of Bethel, Maine. From that time through 1912 we spent a part of nearly every summer there. The events related in "A Brief History" for 1903 show why Father went alone that year.

Jan.	. . . You were sick with the grip.
Feb.	Helen and Ruth had the whooping cough.
March	Helen had the mumps. The 12th I was taken sick and Helen and Ruth went to your mother's, Phyllis to mine. Ruth and Phyllis had the mumps. The 28th . . . Evelyn was born.
April	Helen had ring worms on her face. Thirteen spots in all.
May	Ruth badly poisoned by brown tail moth.
June	Ruth began to wear glasses.
July	Hannah left to be married after having lived with us for five years.
August	. . . You went to Bethel. Helen stepped on a rusty nail and had to have her foot operated on. Was quite sick. Phyllis was nurse for the first time. I was without a girl most of the time.
Sept.	I was sick with dysentery. Jessie [a nurse friend] came. You walked the floor with Evelyn.
Oct.	I was sick the first half of the month. Jessie was witch for the children Hallowe'en.
Dec.	All your folks and mine here to dinner Christmas. You wrote "Good riddance, Old Year."

When Evelyn was a year old, in July of 1904, Mother wrote:

> I took the four children to Bethel. The girls took turns taking care of Evelyn.

Helen was then eleven, Phyllis ten, and I six. Father could put us on a parlor car in Boston which went through to Bethel, being switched in Portland from the Boston and Maine to the Grand Trunk line. I think it was the next Christmas that, when we got up at four-thirty to open our stockings hanging by the fireplace, we found new warm bathrobes with the note, "For Mother's little nurse maids so they won't be cold." In July of 1906 Mother noted:

> The children and I went to Bethel the 11th. . . . I came home on the 27th and stayed with you for a few days leaving the children to take care of each other.

When we were young, besides taking care of Evelyn, we were given certain other chores to do, which we usually accepted as a matter of course. But we were no angels, and Mother punished us for wrong-doing. For quarreling we were shut up in separate rooms. For lying or using "bad words" we might have our mouths washed out with soap. Or for disobedience we might be spanked. On occasion, Father took a hand in the punishment, especially with my older sisters. When one of them, indignant that the family had started dinner before she woke up from her nap, lay down at the head of the stairs and kicked and screamed, Father went upstairs and attended to her. And later, when one of them hit the other with a croquet mallet and called her a "damn fool," it was Father who administered the punishment. The offense was not repeated. I remember having my mouth washed out for saying I had brushed

my teeth when Mother found my toothbrush bone dry and being spanked when I was eight years old for running up and down stairs and making a noise before the rising bell had rung at Miss Locke's. But most of the time it seemed natural to do as we were told. Mother never threatened and never promised. If she said "No" when we asked her if we could do something, we knew that ended it. Teasing did no good. If she said, "I'll see," we were hopeful that she would agree. She wanted to think it over or perhaps consult Father before she made up her mind. Sometimes in the spring we would ask to have a day when we could do as we pleased without consulting Mother. She offered no objection. The chief difficulty was that we could never think of anything exciting to do.

During those childhood years, Phyllis has reminded me, we were given an allowance of ten cents a week, five to save and five to spend, usually on penny candy, of which we were allowed two pieces a day, or on big sour pickles.

Adolescent Relations

When Mother was married at nineteen, she knew practically nothing about cooking or keeping house. She often said that during the first year of her marriage she made up her mind that any daughters she might have would be trained in both. So, by the time we entered high school, we all had certain duties to perform at home, especially on Saturdays. We all had to clean and take care of our own rooms, and we began to learn to cook. For many years our Sunday morning breakfast was griddle cakes and fishballs. Helen and Phyllis first took turns making the griddle cakes, and Evelyn and I prepared the fishballs on Saturday morning to be fried

Ruth, Helen, Mother, Phyllis, Evelyn (Bethel, 1911)

on Sunday. Evelyn peeled and cut up the potatoes. It was my job to pick up the dried codfish, cook it with the potatoes, and then mix the two together with an egg. After cleaning my room and mixing the fishballs on Saturday morning, I was free to go out or to do what I wanted.

Mother also taught us to sew, and while I was in high school I made some dresses with her help and one or two by myself, as well as nightgowns and other underwear for my "college trousseau."

We had good times with Mother, walking, shopping, and singing around the piano when some of our friends were with us, and how we shouted "Upidee" and "Solomon Levi" as Mother played the piano and joined us with her good alto voice. But mostly I remember our reading aloud. Mother had always read to us when we were children, and while I was in high school she and I read aloud together—much of Scott, Dickens, Dumas, Victor Hugo, and others. During my sophomore year the early silent moving picture of *Les Miserables* came to Boston. We had recently finished reading the novel, and I think for the only time Mother wrote a note to have me dismissed early from school so that I could go with her to see the movie. It must have been a year or two earlier that, when we were reading *Ben Hur,* my Sunday School teacher invited our class to see the play at the old Boston Theater on a Saturday afternoon. Mother spent most of Saturday morning taking turns reading it aloud with me so that I could finish it before I saw the play.

Mother also helped me with a Washington's Birthday quilting party while I was in high school, the girls coming in old-fashioned costumes. I wore the red

brocaded satin dress and gray curls that my Grandmother Conant wore when she sang with Father Kemp's Old Folks Concert Troupe. I don't remember wearing the enormous poke bonnet on that occasion, but I know that later I wore it to a masquerade and needed no mask. The bonnet was so large that my face was completely hidden if I turned my head.

In addition to the duties we were expected to perform at home, there were certain other rules we had to observe when we were in high school and began to go to dancing school and to other social events in the evening. The principal one I remember was that, whatever the occasion, we were to be in the house by twelve o'clock. No exceptions to that rule were allowed.

The year 1912 marked our last summer at Miss Locke's. We older girls came home earlier and kept house by ourselves. The last of August Mother, Father, and Evelyn came home by automobile, Evelyn very sick with a sore throat. For September of that year Mother wrote in "A Brief History":

> Evelyn had scarlet fever. The other girls went over and kept house for my father. I had appendicitis. Miss Simpson [a practical nurse] came. I began taking my breakfast in bed. . . . Evelyn out of quarantine the 29th. Girls came home the 30th.

And for October, "Helen began keeping house."

Mother was not well through the winter and spring of 1913, and that summer, without telling her, Father made arrangements for her to go to Europe with a small party conducted by his cousin. Although Mother did not want to go, as we never knew until much later, she went and enjoyed herself. It was apparently good for her to get away from our watchful eyes.

While Mother was in Europe, Phyllis, Evelyn, and I spent a few weeks with a friend in the Bethel area. In 1914, Mother and we girls, taking turns keeping house for Father, spent the summer in a cottage at Goose Rocks Beach, Kennebunkport, while the dining-room of our Arlington home was being enlarged, partly in preparation for Helen's marriage in October to Julian C. Howard. The following summer we visited the Williamsons on a farm about two miles above Miss Locke's in the Sunday River Valley. In 1916, following my freshman year at Mount Holyoke College, Mother and I spent a week at the Demeritts' in Ketchum at the end of the Sunday River road, sleeping on bunks in the log school house. From there we walked the eight miles to the Williamson place at the foot of Barker Mountain. We took our lunch with us and a book in which we read aloud as we stopped at intervals to rest. Then in the fall of that year Father bought the Lowe farm, next to the Williamsons'. We were all happy to have a place of our own in the Sunday River Valley.

I should probably mention that, as we had grown out of childhood, Mother had increased our allowance from ten cents a week to fifteen dollars a month. From that we bought all our own necessities, except large items like a dress or a coat.

On December 9, 1916, on their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, Mother and Father had a "renewed house-warming" at which all of us, their daughters, were at home to help them receive their guests. Helen and Julian came from Akron, Ohio, for the occasion, and I came home from Mount Holyoke College. It was then that Mother presented to Father the first portion of "A Brief History," with the following dedication:

Dedicated
to him who shares my joys and sorrows,
who has loved, honored, and kept me,
in sickness and health for the last
twenty-five years
My Husband
with the love and gratitude of
His Wife

The family records which follow the anniversary show Mother's relations not only to her adult daughters but as time went on to her grandchildren as well.

Adult Companionship

Repairs had to be made on the Lowe house which Father had bought, furniture to be chosen, and settling to be done. In the summer of 1918 we moved in to what Helen's Elinor later named the Red House. In July Mother wrote:

> Ruth and I busy getting the Bethel house settled. The 7th Helen, Evelyn and Elinor [Helen's 16 mos. old baby] went to Bethel by train. Evelyn carried the bag. Ruth met them at the station with Pink [a horse hired for the summer] and the buggy.

In June of 1919 Helen's son David was born. Phyllis had been in Akron keeping house for Julian while Helen was in the hospital. Mother's entry for July was:

> Helen not well and she, Phyllis and the children came home the 6th. The next week Basil Perry [the driver], Helen, Phyllis, Evelyn, Elinor, David, and I with Kim [the dog], the victrola, the clothes basket, the violin and several suitcases went to Bethel in the big Pierce. . . . We hired Redna of

Mr. Littlefield. David a darling. He liked music.

And for August

> Phyllis, Ruth, and I took turns keeping house for you. The rest stayed in Bethel all summer.

In December of 1921 Phyllis married Earl Williamson of Bethel. In 1924 the family was together in Arlington for a few days before I sailed for Europe in June. For July of that year Mother wrote:

> The 11th Helen, Phyllis, their children and I went to Bethel. Mr. Graham drove us up. . . . I stayed at the farm with Helen and the children for two weeks, Evelyn keeping house for you. Then I came home and Evelyn went to Bethel for five weeks.

After teaching for several years, I went back to Arlington while doing graduate work at Radcliffe. Evelyn was still at home during the first year, and every morning she, Mother, and I did exercises together under the direction of Arthur Bagley on the radio. Mother had long had a lymphatic condition in her legs and weakness in her knees. The exercises proved too strenuous for her and her doctor recommended others which she might do in bed before getting up. These exercises she continued until shortly before her death. When, at eighty-seven, she was hospitalized with a fractured upper thigh, which had been pinned, her doctor was slightly taken aback when she asked him if it would be all right to continue her exercises. He advised against exercising the broken leg but said it would do no harm to continue the others.

In November of 1927, Evelyn married Harold Bennett of Bethel. In 1931, Father, who was not well, spent more

and more time at the Red House, and Harold began to represent him on the market garden. In June of 1932, Father and Mother went to the Red House to stay; then Harold and Evelyn moved into the Arlington house.

Our summers were all spent with family coming and going at the Red House. Mother's accounts of June and July of 1931 were typical:

> June: Ruth finished another year at U. of Maine. She, Evelyn and Harold came to Bethel. After a few days I went home with Evelyn and Harold and then to Kitchener [where Helen then lived] for a visit, leaving Ruth to keep house for you. . . .
>
> July: Elinor came to Bethel with me via Montreal. . . . Phyllis and Earl went to Arlington for a few days taking Elinor with them and surprising Helen's family when they arrived from Kitchener. Sherman and Helen [Phyllis's children] stayed with us at the Red House. . . . Helen's family came to Bethel—also Evelyn and Harold. A family reunion! All together for the first time. A happy day with dinner under the trees.

I remember that a student of mine from the University of Maine called just in time to take a picture of the whole family group.

The few winters Mother and Father spent at the Red House before his death were rugged ones, especially that of 1933–34. In December, 1933, Mother wrote:

> Ruth came for Christmas vacation. Harold, Evelyn and Pat [the dog] came for Christmas and Phyllis' family at the camp [which Earl had built

> near the Red House] having dinner with us. The day after Christmas Helen's family arrived in a snow storm. Harold and Evelyn went to the Bennetts' that night. The rest of us were snowed in for three days till the plow [which had broken down] came. The glass –35 three mornings in succession, –20 the highest the third day—and a gale. When the plow came, all the Howards and Williamsons followed it out.

In October of 1934, Evelyn's and Harold's son Donald was born. For December of that year Mother noted:

> Ruth, Evelyn, Harold, Donald and Pat all here for Christmas. Phyllis's family came for dinner. Donald smiled at you so sweetly.

And for December of 1935:

> Ruth came the 22nd and Evelyn's family the 24th. All the children except Helen's family with us for Christmas dinner.

The items in "A Brief History" for 1936 deal chiefly with Father's failing health. He died on August second, the day after Helen's family had arrived for their annual visit. All the family were with Mother again at the time of his funeral.

After Father's death, Mother and I were more and more together. She made her home with Evelyn and Harold in Arlington but spent several weeks in the winter with Helen in Kitchener, Ontario, and me in Orono. Our summers we spent at the Red House. In 1938, I was given a leave of absence from the University of Maine for the fall semester and made plans to go to England in June, spend the summer traveling through

England and Scotland, and work at the British Museum in the fall. Mother had had a difficult time in the past two years adjusting to life without Father, and I decided to see if she would like to go with me. When I asked Helen if she supposed Mother would want to go so far away from the rest of the family for so long, she said, "I don't know. Why don't you ask her?" I did, and received the reply that she would love it. At the time my letter reached her she had been looking over pictures of her 1913 trip and thinking that she would never see any of those scenes again. So we made our plans, and with Nancy McCreary, a friend and former colleague of mine at the University of Maine, sailed from New York on June 25th. None of the family could be on hand to see us off, but two young men, former students of mine, entertained Mother and me at dinner at our hotel the night before we sailed and gave us a champagne send-off in our room afterwards. Mother enjoyed it all as much as I did. The next day Nancy came to lunch with us. Mother's diary described our departure:

> After lunch Nancy, Ruth and I took taxi to the dock, where we boarded the Pennland, which sailed at 4 P.M., with band playing *Anchors Aweigh* and crowds on the dock cheering and waving *Good-bye*. We were glad none of our dear ones were there. It was moving enough without.

Our crossing was restful and uneventful, clear and mild the first few days, then cloudy and chilly. On June 29 Mother recorded:

> Our mile walk after breakfast and again after lunch. Tea and talk in the lounge as it was too chilly on deck. In evening Bavarian beer night with good music—very interesting.

We landed at Southampton about ten o'clock on July Fourth and took the boat train direct to London. There we stayed a week and made arrangements with Raymond-Whitcomb for our travels through August.

It was a perfect two months for all of us. Our itinerary was arranged with very few one night stops and a week or more in places we came to enjoy most—Melrose, Grasmere, and Wells. We arrived in Melrose by way of Cambridge, Lincoln, and York. Mother was attracted to it for two reasons. First, as she noted in her diary, "It is a lovely country and is like Bethel." And second, it is the heart of the Scott country. She had always loved Scott. From the old George and Abbotsford Hotel we visited Abbotsford; Melrose, Dryborough, and Jedborough Abbeys; the Vale of Yarrow and St. Mary's Loch; and on our last evening, as Mother noted, "went on a very interesting Mystery Tour to Innerliethen, through lovely country." As was appropriate, we spent our evenings reading aloud from Scott's *Marmion*. Another week in Scotland included several days in Edinburgh, a train ride to Inverness, where we spent a weekend and visited Culloden, and a glorious trip on a beautiful day down the Caledonian Canal to Oban. Mother commented, "The scenery all the way is wonderful, through the Highlands of Scotland, high, rugged mountains and deep glens, past Ben Nevis, a majestic peak." From Oban we took a boat trip around the Isle of Mull. On August 3rd Mother wrote in her diary:

> . . . We climbed to a tower on a steep hill above the town from which was a fine view of the country around, the bay and the mountains of Mull across the bay. We went in many shops where there was fascinating jewelry—some old style Celtic hand-

> wrought silver—I must mention the Highland Band of bagpipes and drums, in full regalia, that played on the green evenings, marching to and from it by the hotel. They were a sight worth seeing. Our last day in Scotland and we hate to leave this beautiful land.

After a tiring all day ride on three trains and a bus, we arrived at Baldry's Moss Grove Hotel in Grasmere, "a quiet, charming spot," Mother found, "a pleasant change from large hotels . . . took a walk after dinner. We are among mountains again and with lakes, too." Our ten days in Grasmere included two events we had not anticipated—the rushbearing and the sheep dog trials at Rydal. On August 6th Mother wrote:

> In the P.M. watched the Rush Bearing, when the children carried rushes and floral emblems to the church. A procession formed in front of the church of Clergy with the Bishop, choir boys, a band and the children with their flower and rush crosses, harps, etc., and marched around town and then into church. We went to the service, a fine one, and the Bishop preached a good sermon. All the flowers were left in church over Sunday. Rushes on the floor.

And on August 7th:

> Went to church and heard the Bishop preach again. . . . I like the old church here and like to walk in the churchyard where Wordsworth is buried.

After recording a bus ride to Keswick with a picnic lunch on the shore of Derwentwater and "a delightful

ride by bus to Windemere and wonderful Kirkstone Pass—1500 ft. up on mountain side, with grand views of the valleys, lakes, and mountains," Mother's diary continued:

> Aug. 11 Went to sheep dog trials at Rydal, taking our lunch with us. Very interesting to watch a dog guide 5 sheep down a long field, thru gates to his master and then into a pen. Not all got the sheep in, in time allowed.
>
> Aug. 12 This is a charming spot—so much beautiful scenery all around us. . . . After dinner had coffee in smoking room and talked with two pleasant young Englishmen for an hour. Then went to walk and met a nice pony.
>
> Aug. 14 . . . In P.M. went to a *fine* organ recital in church and then to an art exhibition. Would like to stay here longer but we leave tomorrow.

Following two nights spent in Bolton Abbey and the day between in Haworth, we journeyed south to Wells, where we spent a week at No. 7, Vicars' Close, with Mrs. King. On August 19th Mother recorded:

> Went to service in the Cathedral at 10 A.M. and then spent nearly two hours there. It is a huge, massive, very aged structure, with many interesting and lovely things about it. There is a covered way from the old chapter house, over the street to Vicars' Close, where we are. There is no place in England like it. The close is a narrow street with rows of houses on each side, each with a little garden in front, and some of them built in the 14th century—all of them very old. At the opposite end of the close from the church is a lovely little old

chapel, side of which is a small gate and footpath to the street back of and encircling the close . . . called the Liberty.

Sunday, August 21st, marked the high point of our week in Wells. Mother described the day with enthusiasm:

A beautiful day! We hired a car with driver to take us on an all day drive—leaving here at 9.45 A.M. and returning at 7.45 P.M. after going 168 miles and seeing wonderful views and interesting sights. We went via Glastonbury and Bridgwater to Nether Stowey, where we stopped at Coleridge's house and went in to the room where he wrote the *Ancient Mariner*. Then by the Quantock Hills along the coast of Bristol Channel . . . to Porlock Weir, where we had lunch at a nice hotel, right across the street from the sea wall. It was so clear we could see the coast of Wales across the Bristol Channel very clearly and the Welsh mountains beyond. After lunch we climbed up—up a high hill till there was a *wonderful* view across the water on one side and on the other across Exmoor a view as lovely of another kind. Many of the hills were purple with heather with patches of yellow gorse. Then we went down—down on the other side to lovely Doone Valley, the road running side of Badgworthy Water. We could see Dunkery Beacon for miles. [This was all familiar country to us from many readings of *Lorna Doone*.] Then we stopped in Oare and went in the old church where John Ridd and Lorna were married and to the farm house where John was supposed to have lived. We followed the Ex river some way, by the

> Brendon Hills, the road narrow and winding up and down hill to Dulverton, Taunton, stopping for tea at Bampton between D. and T. and then home. After supper walked a ways and saw Jupiter in the east and Venus in the west—both very lovely. A wonderful day.

Soon after leaving Wells we parted from Nancy. She went on to Devon and Cornwall, and we went back to London where we settled at the White Hall Hotel, 4 Montague Street, close to the British Museum, we thought for three or four months. But circumstances forced us to change our plans. Early in September we returned from a weekend spent in Canterbury to find that Nancy had joined us at the White Hall Hotel. The next day she received a cable announcing her father's sudden death. Our kind Raymond-Whitcomb travel agent, Mr. Bailey, arranged for her immediate return home. When I went with her to see him, I asked him what he thought of the prospects of war and whether he thought we should try to return home before we had planned. His advice then was to await developments. So for a few weeks we tried to enjoy ourselves. Mother began work on a knitted dress for me for which she had bought yarn in Edinburgh, and I began work at the British Museum. We were most comfortable in our room in the hotel and in the lounge where an open fire was usually burning. At noon every day, unless it was raining, we went out for a walk and had our lunch at a variety of new places. All the time the war clouds were gathering, and in Hyde Park men were furiously busy digging trenches. On September 21st we journeyed to Oxford, and two days later, as we were leaving for Stratford, word came of the hurricane which had hit

New England, making "historic Boston Common a jungle." We wondered what it might have done to our family in Arlington, but Mother was not one to panic. We went on to Stratford, as we had planned, saw *Macbeth* and *A Comedy of Errors* at the Memorial Theater, visited the birthplace, went to services at the church, walked over the fields to Shottery, and on Sunday afternoon, September 25th, went back by bus to London.

After reading the papers the next morning, Mother noted in her diary, "we decided, as everything looked more and more like war, to go home as soon as we could." We went to Raymond-Whitcomb's and asked Mr. Bailey if it would be possible for us to get passage on the *Pennland,* sailing Sunday, October 2nd. Although we knew that the Red Star was a German line, we had had a most comfortable voyage on the way over. We could get accommodations, though not in the same stateroom and decided to take them.

On September 28th Mother recorded:

> A history making day. Parliament opened and Chamberlain told them all about his trips to Germany and talks with Hitler, which seemed to do so little good. While he was talking a message was brought to him—an invitation to meet Hitler, with Mussolini and Daladier, at Munich to discuss the situation. There was a storm of applause from the whole house and they gave Chamberlain such an ovation as even Gladstone never had—so the papers said. It gave people hope once more. Went to R-W in the A.M. and got our tickets. . . . Evening papers said all German boats on high seas had been called home and in the evening we had a tele-

gram from the Red Star Line saying, "We are instructed to advise you if certain circumstances arise Pennland may not sail as scheduled."

And on September 29th:

Went to R-W again in A.M. to ask Mr. Bailey's advice. He said we could only wait and see what happened. Every steamer sailing to U.S. is crowded and if the Pennland doesn't sail we will have to wait, but it may. Then we went to U.S. embassy and registered, so they would know we were here. Came home and started packing. Chamberlain flew to Munich for the important meeting.

On the day of the Munich Conference, we went to St. James's Park and watched the changing of the Guards at Buckingham Palace. Then we spent an hour or two in Westminster Abbey with no crowd of sightseers around—"a most wonderful and moving place," Mother said. That evening the news came, as she noted, "There is to be no war, at present anyway. Agreement signed by heads of the four governments to that effect."

On October 1st, the day before we sailed for home, we spent the morning packing. Then after a delicious lunch of lamb chops at a new restaurant we had discovered, we went to the Shaftsbury Theater to see and enjoy "Good-bye, Mr. Chips." In her diary that evening Mother wrote, "Our last evening at 4 Montague St. It has been a very nice place to stay and we hate to leave, yet want to go home." As events turned out, we could have stayed since war did not come until the next year, but at the time it seemed best to leave.

On October 2nd "On board Pennland" Mother noted:

We left the hotel at 8 A.M.—a rainy morning, for

> Waterloo Station where we took the boat train for Southampton. Raining hard when we got on tender which took us to *Pennland,* at anchor an hour's ride down the harbor. Sailed at 2.15 P.M. We managed to exchange our berths, which were in different rooms, so we have a stateroom together by ourselves. Ship is full—many more than when we came over—more Germans than Americans. We have to sit at second table. . . .

The voyage home was quite different from that over, and we were grateful for a stateroom by ourselves, where we spent much of the time in the rough and stormy weather. Our kind stewardess brought us many of our meals, which we enjoyed there instead of in the crowded dining-room. We had been through a rather trying time and were amazed at how much we slept, but Mother never lost her courage. The brightest moment on our return journey was when we received a radiogram from my brother-in-law, Julian, saying that our folks were all safe and their homes undamaged by the hurricane, though one of the greenhouses on the farm was destroyed.

During the war years Mother made her headquarters with Evelyn and Harold in the Arlington home and visited her other daughters at intervals. Summers we spent together in the Red House in Bethel, as usual. Those were anxious years for all of us, as for many others, with Helen's David a prisoner of war in Germany for nearly three years and Phyllis's Sherman "somewhere" in the Pacific. Mother was not well, having several severe gall bladder attacks. After an examination at the Lahey Clinic, in April of 1941, she was put on a rigid diet for gall stones, but an operation was not

recommended unless she had more severe attacks. She did have several, usually at a time when she was nerved up for some event like moving from one place to another or going to her granddaughter Elinor's wedding in 1943, which she was unable to do. During those years it seemed wise for her to rest in bed one morning a week.

In 1945 we began to prepare for changes. Evelyn's family was to move to Bethel sometime that year and Harold to take over his father's dairy business. That meant the time was coming when the family home must be sold, and Mother would come to live with me in Orono. As was her nature, she accepted the change philosophically and made preparations for it. Although she had lived in the Arlington home for over fifty years, the break was not so severe as it might have been if she had not also had her beloved Red House in Bethel. She was also spared the hardship of personally supervising the breakup of her home. In May, Phyllis and Earl came from Portland, where they had been living during the war, and drove her to the Red House, where Phyllis stayed with her. I succeeded in finding a larger apartment in Orono, and while I was waiting to move into it, went to Arlington to help Evelyn dispose of things in the old house. At last it was cleared out and sold, and Evelyn and Harold moved to Bethel.

Life Together

In September of 1945, Mother came with me to the new apartment in Orono, which became our winter home for the rest of her life. Meantime the war had ended. David had come safely home, and Sherman was to come soon. Our apartment on the second floor of a three-apartment frame house was comfortably arranged with plenty of sunlight and its own thermostat. And no

better neighbors could have been found than Bill and Brownie Schrumpf downstairs. For whatever reason—the relief from anxiety or the feeling that she was really needed—Mother was like a new person. She had no more gall bladder attacks and gave up her one morning a week in bed, saying she had needed that only when she was young. Alone in a well equipped kitchen while I was busy at the University, she began to cook more than she had done for years, making bread and rolls, doughnuts, pies, puddings, gingerbread, and cake, and having lunch ready for me on the days when I came home at noon. Sometimes she walked the half mile to the campus to meet me, perhaps to have lunch at the Home Economics tea room, or to stop at Spruce's Log Cabin on the way home. She joined the community church of which I was a member, enjoyed going to plays, concerts, and assemblies at the University, and often when I was busy went shopping alone by bus to Orono, Old Town, or Bangor.

We had added to the furniture from my other apartment with chairs, two bookcases, and a dresser from Arlington and had bought a new bed for Mother, a kitchen table, and a lamp in Old Town. But one thing Mother missed was a piano. She had never been without one in the house since she could remember. We measured the space in her room where a small one might fit and began to look. In April of 1946 Mother wrote in her diary:

> Went to Bangor alone. No pianos nor stockings.

But on December 10th of that year she recorded:

> Went to Bangor and bought a piano. It came in P.M.—a beauty with fine tone.

A mini-piano, an octave shorter than standard size, it fitted perfectly into her room and gave her hours of pleasure. She enjoyed playing hymns and Christmas carols, and what a thrill she gave Brownie, Bill, and me when she played Mozart's "Gloria from the Twelfth Mass" from memory! She said her fingers were too stiff to do it justice, but that meant little to us. Also, on Saturday afternoons, we began to listen to the Metropolitan Opera on the radio.

Knitting was another of her hobbies, as it had always been. She had already knit each of her daughters either an afghan or a bedspread. Now she began to knit afghans for her granddaughters, as well as a second one for each of us. On graph paper she copied designs from Oriental rugs from which she knit squares. And many designs she worked by herself—a fireplace with two cats before it, a favorite dog, a black bear, a calf, a ship. Her afghans were as interesting as an old-fashioned patchwork quilt. Then, too, she learned to make Argyll socks, taught by Walter Whitney, a colleague of mine in the English department.

Occasionally some of my friends joined us for tea or dinner, and on Saturday evenings we frequently played bridge downstairs with Brownie and Bill. Also, we began to celebrate birthdays and anniversaries with dinner parties in the house. Beginning in 1946, Brownie and Bill drove over to Bethel to spend the Fourth of July with us and play bridge in the evenings. Regularly Mother and Bill played together and almost as regularly they won from Brownie and me. But on their first visit to Bethel Brownie and I treasure an item in Mother's diary for July 5th: "Brownie and Ruth set Bill and me 2200."

In 1947, Helen's family moved from Kitchener, On-

tario, to Goose Rocks Beach in Kennebunkport, Maine. Thereafter for several years Mother visited them for a few weeks each spring and fall. The Christmas of 1945 we spent in Portland with Phyllis and Earl, and that of 1947 in Waterville with David's family, later going to Bethel for a few days. But after that we decided it was better to stay at home in the winter and welcome any of the family who wanted to visit us. For several years after his marriage, David was at Colby College in Waterville, and he with his wife and later two children spent Thanksgiving with us. And often either Phyllis and Earl or Helen and Julian came for Christmas.

Mother's diary for 1950 throws light on several of her endearing characteristics. On Saturday, January 7th, after mentioning that the student who cleaned for us had worked in the morning, she said:

> I made a chicken casserole and dropped the whole thing on the floor. It splashed everywhere on clean floor and smashed the dish and cover to pieces. Smart! Ruth cleaned it up and washed the floor again. Poor Ruth! Listened to *Lohengrin* in P.M.

Our 1937 Ford having seen its best days, I had just bought a new one before we went to Bethel. On June 2nd Mother wrote:

> Went out and inspected new car. It is a beauty. . . . I have been naughty.

What she had done that was "naughty" none of us will ever know.

In August several grandchildren and great grandchildren came to the Red House at the same time. On Friday, the 25th "Elinor, Bob and Roger came at 2 P.M."

On Saturday, the 26th

> David, Gery, Judy and Andy came about ten. D. and G. covered old couch. Phyl, Sherman, El, Harold, Donald, Bob, Elinor, Roger, David, Gery, Judy, Andy, Ruth and I had picnic lunch on piazza at noon. Howards went to Bennetts' for the night.

And on Sunday, the 27th

> Bennetts and Howards brought their dinner up here and ate on piazza. Allens and Crosbys ate in dining-room. Had my picture taken with my great grandchildren. Howards went home at 3.30 P.M. Allens and Crosbys went to Bennetts' to supper. . . . Had two happy days—mostly.

The "mostly" suggests mildly that at times the confusion may have been a little too much for her, but she would never have complained that that was so.

Mother had always taken delight in dressing as appropriately as possible for any holiday. She always tried to have something red and green for Christmas, red, white, and blue for patriotic holidays, and green for St. Patrick's Day. And, in addition to the verse stories she used to recite to us, she had an appropriate verse or song for every occasion. The first day of spring, especially if it happened to be snowing, she would greet by singing, "Spring's delights are all revi-i-i-iving," and May Day by "May Day now is sweetly smiling." On April 18th she would quote

> Listen, my children, and you shall hear
> Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
> On the eighteenth of April in Seventy-five;
> Hardly a man is now alive
> Who remembers that famous day and year.

Her diary for November 10, 1950, recorded:

> Ruth came for me at 5.40 and we went to the Flews' to supper. [Lloyd Flewelling or Flew was my office mate.] Had a nice time but I did more spouting than for a long time.

The Flews had two little girls. Two days later, on Sunday, she said:

> Bill and Brownie went to church with us. We learned how to make a mouse and in P.M. went up to the Flews' to show them. Col. and Mrs. Fuller and two boys were there. I spouted again.

It was Flew who said to me once after a Christmas Vesper service, "If you want to see something beautiful, look at your mother's profile when she is listening to the Hallelujah Chorus!"

In the spring vacation of 1950 Mother and I went to Boston and spent a week at the Parker House. The trips down and back were Mother's only experiences in flying. She enjoyed them thoroughly but had no special comment to make, only

> Sunday, April 2 Rain to snow to rain to fair late. We both went downstairs to dinner. Brownie took us to Old Town Air Port, where we took plane for Boston. Flew above clouds to Lewiston—then fair.

In Boston we shopped, went twice to Easter Week services at King's Chapel, where my Grandfather Conant once sang in the choir, and went to the theater. We visited friends in Arlington and our old home at 282 Mystic Street. Though the present owner welcomed us cordially, Mother did not want to go there again. There were too many changes. She preferred to remember her

old home as she had known it.

In the years between 1950 and 1960 Mother recorded both quiet and busy days in Orono and Bethel. On May 31, 1952:

> My 80th birthday and such a happy one, with a wonderful surprise party at noon. Julian, Helen, and Phyl drove over from Bethel and Bill, Brownie and Billy [Brownie's nephew] came up for dessert, Brownie bringing one of her delicious cakes. Had greetings from 40.

And on June 3,

> Ruth and I went to the movies again with Alice Stewart and Ruth White. Saw *The Lavender Hill Mob*—an amusing comedy.

The day after commencement that year we went to Bethel as usual, and on Saturday, June 21, Mother wrote:

> Julian took Helen, Ruth and me to Livermore Falls for Sherman's wedding with Margaret Castonguay in Catholic Church at 8 A.M.—a lovely and impressive ceremony—followed by reception and breakfast. Enjoyed it all a lot.

We were all happy that Mother enjoyed that wedding so much since it was the only one among those of her seven grandchildren that she was able to attend, even though they were all married during her lifetime.

As usual that summer there was frequent family visiting at the Red House. On August 23 Mother wrote:

> Yesterday Ruth, El, and I went with David's family in their car to Bazaar in Bethel. Watched

Bethel in the Fifties: Phyllis, Helen, Mother, Evelyn, Ruth

parade, Donald on Rhythm, with 3 others on horseback, leading. Had supper in Park. A perfect day.

and on Thursday, September 3.

Helen and Julian came in evening. Fri. all my children with me again in evening, and Julian, Earl and Harold. A *hot* night.

In July of 1955 Mother's diary noted:

Red House. Have entertained 14 of the family, 4 friends. A very hot month. 96 the highest.

I remember vividly an incident that may have happened that summer. Mother and I went for a walk in the woods across the brook and found that a path we had often taken was very much overgrown. On our way back we stepped aside to watch a hermit thrush, so close we could see his little throat quiver as he sang. Then, to our amazement, we could not find the path again. We were not far from home and the sun was out, so we knew well enough the direction we should take. The idea that we were "lost" amused rather than alarmed us. Suddenly, saying, "Follow me and you'll wear diamonds," Mother struck out in the direction she knew she should go and landed stuck in a brush pile up to her knees. We were laughing so much I could hardly help her out. We found our way home safely, though Mother scratched her legs rather badly in the process. She was then well on in her eighties.

Mother's last diary was that for 1957. It recorded going shopping with me to Old Town or Bangor, staying in the house many days when I was busy on the campus, receiving welcome letters from the family, playing our scrabble game every evening, reading aloud, listening to

the opera on Saturday afternoons, and entertaining the usual family gatherings at the Red House in the summer. In addition to our good friends Brownie and Bill Schrumpf, we were enjoying our pleasant neighbor, Autice Jardine, on the third floor. A few high spots of the diary follow:

> January 24 A wonderful day for Brownie and Bill —their 25th wedding anniversary and her birthday. Open House at the Parish House given to them from 3 to 5 in the afternoon and 7.30 to 10.30 in the evening. Between the two receptions, they came here, with Autice Jardine, to dinner, which we had in the kitchen, as rooms torn up being painted. There were 300 at the receptions, many presents, cards and a chest—beautiful one—of silver dollars. Ruth went in the evening and cut bride's cake from 8.30 to 9.30. No Scrabble tonight.

> January 31 Painters through at last. Ruth and I out for nearly 2 hrs. in A.M. Went to Old Town and R. bought a lamp. Mrs. Pelky came soon after we got home at 11.30. Such a hubbub after dinner, when men came to move furniture back—Mrs. P. cleaning—R. & I doing dishes, etc. Rooms do look lovely and so good to be normal again. Scrabble in living room tonight.

On May 26 Phyllis and Earl drove Mother over to Bethel. On her eighty-fifth birthday, May 31st, she wrote:

> Ruth arrived at 10.30 surprising me very much. Had dinner on piazza. Had a lovely birthday, with many cards and gifts and all my dear children and their husbands here for a happy birthday supper.

They all had some part in it. El made a lovely cake.

Brownie and Bill came for their usual Fourth of July visit, arriving in the early evening on Wednesday, the third. On the Fourth Mother wrote:

> At home all day. Dinner and supper on piazza. Phyl and Earl came down in P.M. after naps. Bill worked on wood [tiering it up in the shed]. . . . El and Harold brought their supper up. Bridge again tonight. *They* beat last night and *we* tonight.

In August we had another large family gathering. On the 18th Mother recorded:

> A perfect day for our cookout with 15 of the family here—5 Georges, 2 Williamsons, 2 Howards, 2 Bennetts, 2 Allens and 2 Crosbys. . . .

On September 9th Mother and I returned to Orono. She had always been interested in the stars, having learned much about them from her father when she was a child. And she always kept track of the position of the major planets. Although we had far less opportunity to observe the heavens in Orono than we had in the wide open spaces around our Bethel home, we studied the *Old Farmer's Almanac* and tried to see all we could. On September 25th Mother noted, "New Moon and Venus faint but lovely after supper," and the next day. "Saw conjunction of moon and Venus in early evening. Beautiful!" On Saturday, September 28th, she wrote:

> A lazy day, looking out window in A.M. . . . Did get dinner, take a bath after dinner, and sleep like a fool most of P.M. Did do up a box to send to Melitta [Helen's son Kenneth's wife]. Waffles for

supper and scrabble in evening.

The last entry in her diary is on Sunday, December 8th, the day before her anniversary and my birthday:

> Mostly cloudy but some sunshine. Ruth didn't go to church. I went with Brownie. In P.M. Brownie and Ruth went to a tea and then came home and got . . . me and we went to an Organ Recital on campus. *Powerful!* [As I remember, it nearly deafened us.] Then Autice, Ruth and I went down stairs to a nice Birthday dinner. Quite a full day for the old lady. Wrote Christmas Card letter to Donald [then on a tour of duty in Germany].

Although Mother's diaries came to an end in 1957, certain incidents of the next ten years remain in my memory and show clearly the kind of person she was. On Lincoln's birthday in 1960, as I was beginning to eat my lunch on the campus, Brownie called to say that Mother had fallen in the kitchen. I went home immediately and found her still lying on the kitchen floor, with a blanket over her and a pillow under her head, having been made as comfortable as possible by Brownie and Bill, who had fortunately been home and had heard her fall. They had wisely called Dr. Adams first and then me. Having made gingerbread in the morning, taken some downstairs to Brownie and Bill, and left some in the back hall for Autice, Mother had been hurrying to get her lunch when she fell. Some bread and butter and a small glass of port were on the table. The fishball she had just taken from the stove had fallen to the floor with her. While we were waiting for the doctor to come, Mother, though obviously in pain, said, "I might as well eat something while we are wait-

ing." So with my assistance she ate some bread and butter and drank her port before Dr. Adams arrived. He soon decided that she must go to the hospital for an X-ray and called the ambulance. I drove behind it and waited with Mother until it was determined that there was a diagonal fracture of the thigh bone just below the hip, and she was settled in her bed. After a consultation of doctors, it was decided that the bone should be pinned. Mother stood the operation well. She had nurses around the clock for the first week. Then her seven to three nurse, Mrs. Tardiff, stayed on for the next six weeks while she was in the hospital. They were most congenial and became fast friends. When I went to the hospital every afternoon shortly before Mrs. Tardiff went off duty, I would often hear bursts of laughter coming from Mother's room as I stepped off the elevator. I never heard her complain.

Soon after the operation Dr. Adams advised me that I must expect Mother to have periods of depression when she came to realize how long it would take for her leg to heal. I asked him if he really thought she would walk again, and he answered, "Knowing your mother as I do, I feel confident that she will." One of the high points of her stay in the hospital was a visit from her grandson, Donald, a captain in the army, who had just returned from a three-year tour of duty in Germany. When I arrived one afternoon, I found him there showing her pictures. Then he stayed over-night with me.

When Mother came home from the hospital in April, we found a good woman to stay with her in the morning and get dinner for us all. My schedule was so arranged that I could come home at noon. It took some practice to get Mother from bed to wheelchair, but we learned,

and I never knew her to be depressed about her condition. One thing that bothered her was that she might not be able to go to the Red House in the summer. Dr. Adams assured her that if there was no other way, he would drive her over himself. But there was. When the time came, her two sons-in-law, Julian and Earl, drove over from Bethel in Earl's station wagon. The ambulance driver and an assistant carried Mother and her wheelchair downstairs and settled them both in the station wagon where I joined them. Then Julian drove my Ford. We had a lovely summer, Mother spending much time in her wheelchair on the porch. An old friend we had known years ago at Miss Locke's came to stay with her two mornings a week while I went to town to do errands. There was the usual family visiting during the summer. Then by the same method we transported Mother back to Orono in September.

Soon after we returned, Mother's leg was X-rayed, and when Dr. Woodcock, who had pinned it, saw the results, he wanted me to get a walker immediately and get Mother on her feet. He advised me to hold the walker and let her stand for a few times before she tried to walk. But the first time she tried it she said, "Let go of the walker. I want to walk." And she did from then on with no difficulty. By taking her time she could go up and down stairs where there was a good banister. For five more summers after that we went to Bethel and back.

The next important incident that I remember was Mother's ninetieth birthday on May 31, 1962. It came in the midst of my final exams in the year I was retiring from the University of Maine. Evelyn's husband, Harold, had died the year before, but she and my other sisters planned the birthday luncheon and brought it with

them, except for the cake with ninety candles, which Brownie made. It was a happy event remembered by all the family and especially by a letter from Mother's granddaughter Elinor with an enclosed sonnet:

May 29, 1962

Dear Nannie:

All morning I have been thinking of you and of the fine life you have had and the wonderful influence you have been on all your children and grandchildren.

It must be *very* satisfying to have lived 90 years and know that you are much loved by all.

This may be a little late, but it seemed to me, today, somehow you should have something more personal than cards, so here is a little "poem" to you—just for fun.

Love,
Elinor

Sonnet to Daisy A. Crosby on her 90th Birthday

Let all look well, who see you sitting there,
The litter of a birthday round you thrown.
Look well, I say, for in your mien is shown
The annals of a life beyond compare.
Full ninety years of blameless living rare
Invest you with the love of daughters grown
Who have, this day, brought offerings of their own,
Sweet symbols, tokens of the love they bear.
Oh beauty, sitting throned and loved by all,
Upon this day God granted you to see,
Let womanhood in all its many stages
Pause at your side and reverently recall
A Grandmother whose calm integrity
A guide became to filling in life's pages.

The Christmas of 1964 Phyllis and Earl spent with us—an unusually warm and foggy Christmas. At one o'clock the next morning there was a severe thunder shower, and about four o'clock a fire was discovered in a four-story frame apartment house next door, in which all but two of the occupants were away for the holidays. The firemen and a crowd soon gathered. We dressed, I made coffee, and we were helping Mother dress when Dr. Adams arrived and said he thought it would be wise for her to go downstairs, just in case. Quite unperturbed, she finished her coffee, was assisted downstairs and settled in a comfortable chair in Brownie's living room. There I later took down her regular breakfast to her. After the fire was under control and there was no danger of its spreading, Dr. Adams said there were several men who would gladly carry Mother upstairs. But she would have none of it. If she took her time, she was perfectly able to walk up. I went up first with her walker. Dr. Adams came behind her. And when our good friend and minister, the Reverend Herbert Houghton, asked what he could do, Mother said, "You can walk up behind Dr. Adams, and if I fall and knock him down, you can catch us both." Although we were all saddened by the death of a friend living in the fourth floor apartment, who neglected to go down the fire escape at the rear of the building and was overcome by smoke, Mother at 92 had no serious after effects from the experience.

The summer of 1965 was Mother's last one at the Red House. In August, Donald came home from a year in Vietnam and brought his intended bride, a Baltimore girl, to meet the family. They were married in September. Since Evelyn was unable to go to the wedding, I went in her place and brought back to her a large piece

of bride's cake. The next day Evelyn invited Mother and me to come down to have some of it in the afternoon. It was raining slightly when we left and pouring on the way back. Mother thought it was such fun to be riding in the rain. When we got home, I took her walker out to the car, as usual, and cautioned her to wait until I unlocked the door and could help her in. But she couldn't wait. I reached the steps to help her just in time to see her put her walker behind her to support herself by the side of the door, lose her balance, and fall backwards striking her head on the car.

"This is it," I thought, but after a few seconds, she said, "I'm all right." Covering her as best I could, I quickly telephoned Phyllis and Earl, who came immediately from their little house close by. Among us we got her into the house and discovered a cut on the back of her head. I called the doctor only to find that he was out of town. His nurse told us to use an icebag on the cut, to watch for symptoms of concussion, and if necessary to take Mother to a hospital, the nearest one twenty miles away. Phyllis and I took turns staying with her through the night. She slept fitfully, propped up with pillows, and when the doctor came in the morning, he found her little the worse for her adventure.

I think it was the next March, when Dr. Adams was away, that Mother said to me one Sunday morning, "I suppose I should tell you that I was awake quite a lot in the night with a bad pain around my heart. But it seems all right now." She had long had a heart irregularity, for which she had been taking digitalis, but nothing more serious. I had her stay in bed and called a doctor who had seen her once or twice when Dr. Adams was away. He came at noon, as soon as he returned from church. Mother told him she had had a

Mother with Ruth (Bethel, 1965)

bad pain in her *bowels* in the night. I said, "Why, Mother, you told me it was around your heart." "Oh," she said, "You know I lie like the dickens." The doctor was amused. He examined her and found nothing more serious than the heart irregularity we knew about. Probably she had had some indigestion and was not quite sure where the pain was.

That spring she felt less well, and we put off from time to time our departure for Bethel. Mother usually had her breakfast in bed, was then dressed and up for most of the day except for her long nap in the afternoon. She spent many hours sitting in her wing chair looking out of the window. She read to herself and I read to her, and after supper we had our nightly game of scrabble. A combination of ailments kept her awake more and more at night, and finally when she had trouble in breathing, Dr. Adams felt the time had come when she should go to the hospital for treatment. As usual she accepted his judgment with her often repeated philosophy. "What can't be cured must be endured." When, on October first, she was carried downstairs on a stretcher and saw Bill holding the outer door open, she remembered the date and said, "Happy Birthday, Bill." Bill never forgot that.

After three months in the hospital Mother's condition had improved, but since she needed more care than I could give her, we found the ideal place for her in Nygren's Manor, a small private nursing home in Bangor. Earl having died in November, Phyllis came to spend the winter with me in Orono. Every afternoon we went to the nursing home to see Mother, where she was comfortably and happily settled in a pleasant room by herself at the head of the stairs. She had many of her own things about her, including a picture above her

bed of our old Arlington home. The nurses, who were all as kind to her as if she had been their own mother, said they knew in which room of the house three of her daughters had been born and in which one three of them had been married.

On May 31, 1967, Mother's ninety-fifth birthday, all of us, her daughters, and Julian, her oldest and one remaining son-in-law, went to visit her, taking with us a birthday cake from Brownie. She had many flowers and cards from her grandchildren and friends, and another birthday cake from the nursing home. As we gathered with all of the nurses to wish her a happy birthday and she blew out the candles on her cake, she said, "Do you know what I wished? I wished we might all be here together like this next year."

During that summer she had visits from two of my friends, who had long known and been fond of her, from David, her oldest grandson, from Roger Allen, her oldest great grandson, and later on from Roger's mother, Elinor, and his sister, Lucy. For the more than two years that she was in the hospital and the nursing home, Herbert Houghton stopped in to see her at least once a week.

We were not all together on her ninety-sixth birthday in 1968. Phyllis had gone to her home in Bethel for the summer. Evelyn was with me in Orono, and we went to see Mother in a violent thunder shower, taking with us Brownie's birthday cake. Later that summer Phyllis came over from Bethel with her daughter's family, who were visiting her. We had lunch in my apartment and then went to the nursing home. At first only Phyllis and her daughter went up with me to see Mother. We asked her if she felt like seeing the four little girls. "Oh yes,"

she said. "Let them come up. They ought to see what a great grandmother looks like."

Through that fall and winter Mother grew gradually weaker but kept her keen interest in all family events to the end. On Thanksgiving morning she sat in a chair, as she usually did for a while every day, and recited nursery rhymes to the granddaughters of one of the patients. On January 4, 1969, she went for her last peaceful sleep.

There was a simple memorial service for her in the Church of Universal Fellowship in Orono, led by her good friend, the Reverend Herbert R. Houghton. The following May, with a family grave-side service, she was laid to rest beside my father in the beautiful Riverside Cemetery in Bethel.

Kind letters from many friends expressed sympathy to my sisters and me at the time of Mother's death. Some had known her well, some only slightly. A University of Maine faculty member, who had known her only at church, wrote:

> To those of us who knew your mother, she will be remembered for her sterling character and her smile, always reflecting a cheerful attitude toward life . . . and the warmth of her feeling for those about her. Our lives are richer as a result of having known her.

A close college friend, whose parents had been missionaries in India, wrote from London:

> Thank you for writing me about your dear mother. . . . I shall always remember your home in Arlington, as almost a second home to me for some years, and the happy sense of *family* there, your mother and your father, and all of you and your

> friends. I loved it, and I thank you again for sharing your home and your family, and your lovely mother.

And a former colleague in the English Department, who had taught Mother to make Argyll socks, wrote from California:

> I shall always remember your mother sitting in her chair in the living room with her pretty hair in a coronet and her face—like her mind—so vital and alert. How wonderful it is that she could have lived so long, with her faithful, loving daughters and an appropriate swarm of grandchildren and such a host of friends! She was several years younger than my mother, but I think of them as belonging to the same generation—and I wonder if our generation will do as well.

I wonder, too. As I look about me and read and listen to the news of our country today, I can only conclude that few young people of the present generation were fortunate enough to have had a mother like ours.

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